Liberty

MARCH 20, 194
10¢

Book: THE EMPEROR'S SNUFF-BOX

LIBERTY

John Dickson Carr's Best Sellin Mystery Novel

Reading Time: One Eveni

LIBERTY

HOW STRON IS HITLER'S 194 AIR FORCE?

LIBERTY

CARTOONS FICTION OLD SARGE

LIBERTY

HOW CAN W PAY FOR TH WAR?

LIBERTY

THE U. S. vs. SYPHILI

by Morris Marke

—send my brother the airplanes he needs *quick!*

THE SCENE—America—the home of millions of decent men who are willing to sacrifice their lives for freedom.

Surely, these ungrudging, unselfish millions who are giving their lives—surely these heroes are not only worth *praying for*—but *paying for*, too.

Before Victory and Peace we've got a war to *pay* for first. You, me, every single American.

10% of our pay? Yes. Every payday. At least a dime out of every dollar—a dollar out of every ten. More if we can. We're in this together. So let's pay for it together.

The Management of your company will save your 10% for you. Every time it adds up to $18.75 they'll put a WAR BOND in your hands, worth $25 in ten years. That's $4 back for every $3 you put in.

Your money will help buy those planes sister is praying for—it will help buy the tanks, guns, and ships that will ram this war right down the throats of the bullies who started it.

And when the final curtain rings down on the Axis you'll thank your lucky stars you saved while you could. You'll feel good all over for having *more* money to enjoy the Peace.

The fight is on. The battle line runs through every home—every office—every factory—every farm. Do your part with at least *a dime from every dollar every payday.*

DO YOU KNOW?

When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!

These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semi-annually!

Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes saving easy!

Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for WAR BONDS for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.

You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in WAR BONDS every payday NOW!

You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents. So start today!

EVERYBODY—EVERY PAYDAY
10% IN WAR BONDS

This advertisement is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

Deft Fingers play a Piano And help to Shape a Dream

A little Girl's Dream of Tomorrow Made Richer and Fuller by Music

And we see her a Woman—Gifted and Gracious and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

THE THINGS of the spirit as well as of the body and the mind, that is America's plan for her youngsters! No step is left untaken, no stone unturned to prepare them to face the future—confident, reliant and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling!* For even the smiles of our children receive the best of care. Today all over America—in the classrooms of thousands of schools, boys and girls are learning the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

They could tell you this vital dental truth—that soft, modern foods so often rob our gums and teeth of needed exercise—the stimulation they must have for health. Even young children, thanks to early training, know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If your tooth brush ever flashes this warning signal—*see your dentist without delay!* He may simply say that your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And like so many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Night and morning —whenever you clean your teeth—massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start today with the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive, winning smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

AN *Echo* from the GOOD OLD DAYS that makes life a bit pleasanter today.

Those in the know ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

WAR NOTE
Our distilleries are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before Pearl Harbor.
BUY WAR BONDS!

BOTTLED-IN-BOND
Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

In This Week's Liberty

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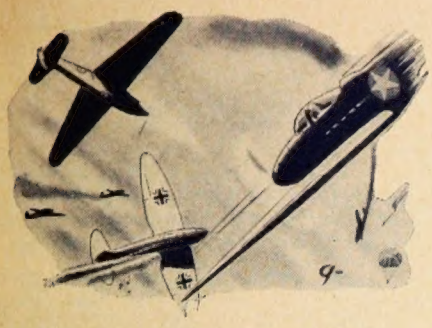
NEXT WEEK

THE COMING BATTLE OF FIGHTER PLANES

It's coming, sure as fate. The Nazis know it is. That's why they've been opposing Allied air raids mostly with antiaircraft fire—saving their outclassed



fighter planes to meet, as best they can, the terrific "sweep" that will open the real air onslaught on their Europe. When that onslaught comes, it won't be a picnic; but it *does* look mighty hopeful, and soaring British and American superiority in up-to-the-minute fighter planes and crews is the most impressive reason why it does. Keith Ayling will explain all this in detail—to your complete satisfaction!

GO AHEAD AND MARRY HIM!

If you're in love with a man in uniform, and if you're tired of listening to the mournful refrain of some of your elders —"War marriages don't last. Just look at how divorce statistics soared after the last war!"—here is a lift for you. Gretta Palmer provides it by passing on the sage advice she collected from Dr. Gulielma Alsop, physician at Barnard College, who has been conducting a forum on war brides' problems at the New York City Central Y. W. C. A. There's no denying that there *are* problems. But they can be surmounted through common sense and—yes—real old-fashioned sentiment. After you read this you'll be telling your elders things!

MEDICINE'S GIFT TO MOTHERS

Women need no longer dread the ordeal of having babies—not if they are lucky enough to come under the care of Dr. Waldo B. Edwards or Dr. Robert A. Hingson. For these two physicians, officers of the United States Public Health Service working at the Marine Hospital at Stapleton, New York, have demonstrated that there *is* an anesthetic that makes childbirth absolutely painless and that harms neither mother nor child. Some 600 delighted mothers with healthy babies testify to this. Other women will want to know about it. And they can, by reading Molly Seaman's revealing report in Liberty.

"FIRSTS" A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"
Push Button Tuning . . .

Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST"
House Current Sets . . .

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

Below—A Few New Zenith "Firsts"—"Frozen" by Zenith Changeover to War Production

"FIRST"
Long Distance Push Button Portable . . .

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"
Safety Auto Radio . . .

The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*...we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second*...we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third*...we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

•

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH •LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

FLAYS FEMINISTS

ATLANTA, GA.—Long ago Dr. Mary Walker started to wear trousers and other feminists got the strange idea that freedom went with fedoras, the franchise with flat heels, and successful careers with stiff collars. But most women, being vain creatures, continued to wear the clothes that became them, and, women being female—as you admit—the clothes were feminine clothes. Skirts and silly hats and Chanel Number 5 didn't seem to interfere at all with voting and careers.

Why is it necessary to start wearing trousers merely to prove something or other that doesn't need proving? (Feminine Fashions Are Finished! by Elizabeth Hawes, February 13 Liberty.) We're free now—free to put on slacks and shorts for sports if we find them comfortable, to don dungarees for jobs that call for dungarees, and also to dress ourselves to the teeth whenever we like

in whatever frothy, foolish, and feminine concoctions the fashion designers dream up. That is emancipation.—*Margaret M.*

We're with you, Margaret—don't give up the slip.—VOX POP EDITOR.

THE RUBBER SHORTAGE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—My goodness! Doesn't Mrs. Holt of Belvidere, Illinois (February 13 Vox Pop) know that modern babies haven't used rubber panties for years?

There is a little knitted panty of wool that goes on over the you-know-what, and it is called a "soaker." The baby won't catch cold, and they're much healthier than rubber pants. Other mothers may not know of these, which can be purchased or knitted at home.—*Mrs. K. W. Bemis.*

INFORMAL INVASION

FORT BRAGG, N. C.—The Germans cannot possibly afford to keep their best soldiers in Germany proper. I suggest that the U. S. government send our paratroopers over Germany's farms this spring or summer, when the grain is ripe and dry, and drop us, four or five in a bunch—many bunches.

The farmers will be in the fields, and without their produce Germany would soon be hard hit.

We would burn the farmhouses, kill the people, men, women, and children, burn the crops, and do any and everything that would frighten and panic the people. They could not fight us, and if eventually we met death, it would be at a much larger price to Mr. German than at present.

Most of us are game and willing. I am satisfied that the war could be brought to a close months sooner. We would have them so panicky that even finding

a parachute thrown down open would cause terror.

This sounds cruel and heartless even to talk of. But war can be nothing but cruel and heartless.—*Pvt. B. E. M.*

This is a new angle on conduct of the war, but we certainly can't promise it a favorable reception by Vox Poppers—especially that line about killing civilians, women and children included.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WRONG AGAIN

BROOKS FIELD, TEX.—The aerial camera displayed in Liberty's story Mission (February 6 Liberty) is an Army K3B, not a K-20. The latter is a much smaller and a much more limited unit.—*Lt. Fred Habian.*

FOES-OF-GERMS WEEK

NEW ALBANY, IND.—In Gypsy Rose Lee's story Mother Finds a Body (February 13 Liberty) she represents Dr. Gonzales as having "tufts of black hair growing on his knuckles." At the picture of a medico thus hirsutely adorned we had a big ha-ha. What a fine nest for germs and microbes the doctor furnished in his own person!—*R. Ward Shea.*

DON'T INDUCT STRIKERS

MITCHELL, S. DAK.—Some congressmen advocate immediate induction of strikers into the armed forces. The heroic men of Wake and Bataan will hardly welcome the idea that the uniform in which they are proud to fight, die, and be buried be made the insignia of sedition, the penalty for treason. Concentration camps or a firing squad would be more appropriate for strikers in essential war industries.—*L. G. Troth.*

Looks as though we're building up to a real battle on this union question. What do *you* have to say?—VOX POP EDITOR.

WE'LL CORRECT IT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We like Guess Who Said It? very much and make bets on the answers, but it appears to be getting shorter, which is bad.—*L. T. Turner.*

Thanks to Mr. Turner and the many Vox Poppers who indicated that they preferred shorter questions and more of them, Guess Who Said It? will try to remedy this deficiency—VOX POP EDITOR.

PIGTAILS AGAIN

WAYCROSS, GA.—It seems strange to me that, in a country engaged in total war, people like Mrs. Chafee (February 6 Vox Pop) have nothing more important to occupy their minds than such a small matter as eating pigs' tails.

Any one who feels the urge to waste a three-cent stamp on a letter like that ought to add a few more pennies and buy a war stamp.—*Sgt. Neal Marcy.*

Whoa, Sarge! Vox Poppers can write about anything, from the problems of the postwar world to the comparative loveliness of Northern vs. Southern belles—and no two of them will agree exactly on any question. Their unanimous approval is restricted to three institutions: religion, democracy, and war stamps.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ANSWER—HE CAN'T

FARRAGUT, IDA.—How can a sailor (February 6 cartoon, page 72) *wigwag* "I'm a bad boy" five hundred times with a set of *semaphore* flags?—*J. E. Freitas, S 2/c.*

He doesn't have to, Seaman Freitas. As Vox Poppers know, semaphore flags are used in pairs, words being spelled out according to *position* of the flags. Our cartoonist will draw five hundred posters saying "I am a bad boy."—VOX POP EDITOR.

SUPPORT FOR VILLARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As secretary to a congressman, my attention was immediately drawn to the Oswald Garrison Villard article (February 20 Liberty).

Frankly, I agree with him wholeheartedly. I have been saying the same thing in private gatherings for at least six years. And, as intimate as I have been with many of our solons from 1938

through today, I believe I am qualified to make the statement.

However, there is one faint drawback to the whole thing. The sum and substance of it all was quite better stated, quite more simply, than either Mr. Villard or I have ever done. That was when William Butler Yeats said of the Irish Free State Senate that "it is more desirable and more important to have able men than representative men."—*Congressional Secretary.*

MAN-POWER SOLUTION

SHEPPARD FIELD, TEX.—Is a Labor Draft Unnecessary? (February 13 Liberty) was quite interesting, but it is about time some one did something about the men who are already in the armed services, are unable to perform military duties, but have the ability and experience to do vital and necessary work in the industries of the country.

Why not send the men with such defects back to their jobs, where they will be an asset instead of a liability to the country?—*Pvt. Warren H. Murphy.*

RENAME BONDS

POSTMASTER, NEW YORK, N. Y.—It has been declared that the Allies are now on the offensive—the road to victory. Would it not be appropriate, inasmuch as they have changed the name once, to change it again from U. S. War Savings Bonds to U. S. Victory Bonds? That's what we are actually buying—victory, freedom, peace. Money is worthless compared to the lives our boys sacrifice.—*Paul T. Haughey, Jr.*

"PROTECTION" UNNECESSARY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Prohibition, with its attendant underworld activities, is fast crowding its way into the limelight—via that old gag line, "Protect our service men from drink." No one needs to be protected from drink who is not predisposed to drink; and this goes for service men too.

Laws to restrict drinking would heighten the desire of the boys to show off, and present an impossible muddle of the man-power shortage.—*Mrs. J. D. K.*

RAILROAD PROBLEM

AUGUSTA, ME.—Almost every railroad advertisement shows the picture of a coach full of soldiers. I would like to know, what is the matter with the sailors?—*Mother of a Navy Man.*

STRAIGHT DOPE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In a mild way, you are the victim of a swindle!

Liberty carried an item, under the heading of "Dubbed" Song, which stated that in pictures we "dub" in the song *after* the scenes have been shot, to conform with the lips' movements of the artist. (February 6 Tricks of Trades.) This is not true.

Actually, it is the other way around. Here's the way it happens in the

MEN OF MEANS WHO HAD
MURALS PAINTED IN THEIR HOMES
MAY ONCE HAVE SPENT TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY.
MY, BUT THEY'VE CHANGED!
M & M IS NOW
MORE AND MORE THESE
MEN'S CHOICE, BECAUSE
M & M, THOUGH
MODEST IN PRICE, IS
MILDER, MELLOWER THAN
MANY COSTLIER BRANDS.

The best of 'em is
M&M
(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Never Beyond This Shore

HERE at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go.

Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to Ireland and Australia and Iceland; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the cove, here with my son.

And if I become discontent with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won, there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fireside and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us.

"Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive."

★ ★ ★

MAKE no little plans, you who build the dream castles here at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for that world of tomorrow will be resplendent in things you don't know—never even imagined. Allow for wonderful new developments in such fields as television, fluorescent lighting, plastics. And leave a flexible horizon for the marvels that are sure to come from the new science of electronics. When you're dreaming of your better tomorrow, count on us. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

THE VOLUME *of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.*

952-348M4

GENERAL ELECTRIC

best of well regulated films (and in the others too).

The artist, with a full orchestral background or other musical accompaniment, performs before a microphone in a soundproof room in the studio, often weeks in advance of the start of the actual picture.

The sound is recorded on film and preserved until such time as the scene is to be photographed.

Then the film is played by means of a piece of apparatus known as a "playback machine," which is synchronized with the camera. After a number of rehearsals the artist is able to synchronize his or her lip movements with the "playback," and the scene is then recorded for the cameras. While there is no actual recording of sound before the camera, the singer does sing along with the "playback," and usually in nearly full voice.

I have never yet seen such a recording where the singer merely made "lip movements."

"Dubbing" as defined by your contributor is something else again. There is such a thing, but it is the business of putting in sound effects after the picture is finished. This includes gun shots for close shots (a full load in a gun would be dangerous to the actors and being so close to the "mike" would in many cases blow out a fuse in the sound truck), door slams, animal noises, and the like.

It is also the business of putting in the musical background, or "scoring," as it is called.—*Dick Curtis.*

GUADALCANAL FOOTNOTE

SAN GABRIEL, CALIF.—I read with interest the article on Guadalcanal with the Marines, by Lieutenant Donald E. McCafferty (January 30 and February 6 Liberty) because I spent a good part of his final week in the U. S. A. with him and my cousin, Lieutenant Oliver Mitchell. Lieutenant Mitchell was all that McCafferty said he was and more.

Lieutenant Mitchell's name was really Robert Oliver Mitchell, but somehow his first name on his birth certificate was omitted, so he went by Oliver. He was well known as "Bobby" until recently. Mitchell was a graduate of Whittier College here on the coast and was very popular at his school.—*William Cosulas.*

SAVE METAL

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—"Semper Fidelis" (February 13 Vox Pop) stated that from where he was sitting at the time he could see many pieces of brass and other metal which could be replaced by other materials.

The public school which I attend and other schools all over the country have had many successful scrap drives, but how about the metal *inside* the schools? Quite a bit of steel, iron, brass, etc., could be replaced *here* too! Chalk railings, blackboard bracings, stair railings, doorknobs, and many other items too numerous to mention could and *should* be replaced with some other less necessary material.—*J. B.*

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Champs: A Plane—

Every one in the United States—well, *almost* every one—knows that the bombers that raided Tokyo from Shangri-la a year ago April were B-25 Billy Mitchell medium bombers, built by North American Aviation, Inc.

This distinguished and universally liked bomber has established a new mark since January 23 which makes it one of the most remarkable warplanes in the world. On that day the R. A. F. used Billy Mitchells to attack objectives in France and the Low Countries, thus making this California-built plane the first, and only, American plane to see action on *every* front of the global war.

It didn't take the Billy Mitchell long to become famous, for it was the first United States warplane to sink a Nazi submarine in our war (on February 5, 1942, off the Atlantic coast). It has fought in New Guinea, China, Burma, the Philippine Islands, Japan, the Aleutian Islands, Russia, Tunisia, and North Africa, and in anti-submarine patrols off the Atlantic coast of both North and South America.

Many U. S. planes have carried off spectacular honors, but the B-25 has proved to be the reliable work horse of the Army Air Forces.

—And a Pilot

The nation's number one pilot is celebrating his thirtieth year of flying. He's E. Hamilton Lee, veteran United Air Lines captain, whose official flight record has passed 23,000 hours in the air. This means that Lee has actually lived a total of 958 days, or over two and a half years, above the ground in an airplane—a record unequaled in this or any other country.

Lee calculates that he has flown more than 3,500,000 miles, or about 150 times around the world. He began flying in 1913 in flimsy "crates," was one of the twenty civilians who taught the army's instructors in the first World War. After the war he became a pilot on the mail route between Washington and New York, flew a section of the first transcontinental air-mail route, flew the first air mail into Minneapolis and into St. Louis, took part in the first night flights of air mail, and now is flying for United between Los Angeles and San Francisco. His son, Robert E.

(*Continued on page 53*)

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE AT HOME AND ON EVERY FRONT

"Gran'maw—c'mere—the Army wants ter know if Willy is six feet tall!"

...THIS YEAR ALL AMERICA MUST MEASURE UP

Today we must all measure up in our war effort. Even in little things like keeping our cars up to snuff—so they stretch every rationed gallon of gasoline miles farther.

That's the job Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers can help you do with "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new spark plug service can help increase gas mileage as much as 12%.

To make sure you get your full measure in miles, ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for a "Plug-Chek" today.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONTARIO

Keep 'em smiling and help the USO

A big 24-page book of Paul Webb's "Mountain Boys" cartoons mailed by us to men in Service. Send name and address with dime or War Savings Stamp which we will turn over to the U. S. O. in full.

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THE SUN OF JOSHUA

Miracles don't happen on battlefields—but when a general can draw courage from fear, is it military strategy? An heroic story of war on America's frontier

BY LYNN MONTROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

AT each halt for rest Ensign Alderly seated himself opposite, but several paces removed from, his platoon of militiamen. This distance was not altogether intended to emphasize the difference in rank. It was, rather, in acknowledgment of the fact that the men smelled. Mr. Alderly at the age of eighteen had not experienced enough war to acquire a protective smell of his own.

While the men sprawled, he sat upright and gave his attention to a copybook inscribed, Maxims of the Art of War. The neatly ruled pages held quotations not only from the ancient masters, Arrian and Polybius, Caesar and Procopius, but also the most modern. Indeed Mr. Alderly dared suppose that few Continental colonels, let alone subalterns, were as familiar with the writings of Marshal Saxe, Count Guibert, and the reigning King of Prussia.

As a student of war's higher branches he was able to ignore the spectacle of the militiamen scratching themselves. But this afternoon, somehow, the noises of camp kept him from concentrating.

They were the wonted noises—the ring of axes, the pounding of stakes, the clank of the farrier's hammer. Then a mighty voice boomed with the effect of a boulder dropping into water.

One of the militiamen coughed. "The gen'ral is hollering for you, sir."

"Oh," he said, startled. At once he covered up the familiarity with a stern command, "Lively, men—fall in!"

They straggled into their usual crooked line, holding their muskets at all angles. And though he beat time crisply, the little column marched with its usual resemblance to a centipede suffering from spinal disorder.

The army had retreated only a few miles that morning, yet hours later the camp remained in chaos. Tents and bark huts vied for space with the baggage wagons, leaving the approaches cluttered with firewood, kettles, and stacked arms. These impediments multiplied with every step, and Mr. Alderly prudently dismissed his squads at some distance from their quarters.

Bearing the burden of his youth stiffly, he strode past the groups of homespun-clad recruits who froze into silence and greeted an officer with bovine stares. In front of the commanding officer's tent one of these battle-stained regulars lounged on sentry duty. He continued to lean on his musket while appraising the ensign's slim height, fresh cheeks, and new cocked hat.

"The gen'ral," he remarked, grinning, "wants some one to rub his back."

ENSIGN ALDERLY stood like a ramrod and reported. Unfortunately, he was troubled at such moments by a sudden mist of embarrassment stinging the eyes. Not only did it impair the vision; it also gave an impression of youth and unsoldierly qualities.

In the dimness of the tent a bulky middle-aged man faced about on his cot, grumbling. "Sit down! I understand that you're one of the new Carolina volunteers. A gentleman, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," he said, perching on the edge of a campstool and striving at least to sit at attention.

"H'm. Let's see your hands."

He extended both of them, palms up.

For the first time a look of satisfaction crossed General Daniel Morgan's weathered features. "Most of these back-country lads," he said, "have got calluses like a blacksmith's rasp. D'ye know anything about physic?"

"Very little, sir. I've helped my father dose his slaves."

"You'll do, I reckon." The old frontiersman stood up—a gradual unfolding process aided by candid grunts and grimaces. "You couldn't know less than some of our army surgeons."

On the oak chest at the head of the cot reposed a sword, a Bible, and a bottle. He held the last up to the light, revealing a clouded liquid which might have been charged with those unearthly forces apprehended by Dr. Franklin.

"See this? It's a compound of goose grease, turpentine, and New Bedford rum. General Greene sent the formula after trying it for his asthma."

"I hope, sir," ventured Mr. Alderly, "that it may benefit—"

"D'ye think so? D'ye really think it will?" The commanding officer beamed. "I never had a twinge," he confided, "until the winter I was a prisoner at Quebec. Those damp old stone walls, you know, will give a man the rheumatism every time."

He removed his faded blue uniform coat. Amid groans he lay face-down on the cot, reaching behind to pull up his undershirt.

While pouring the liniment Mr. Alderly felt as if a fire had been lighted in his cupped hand. He hastily transferred the blaze to his commander's back, adopting a comprehensive circular motion. "Lord! Lord!" moaned General Morgan, bowing his spine in an involuntary effort to escape. An instant later he rallied sufficiently to give directions. "Higher. Now to the left. *There!*"

His air of grave concern saved the task from seeming menial; and Mr. Alderly recalled the many historical occasions when some trivial factor had turned the tide of battle. He was rubbing earnestly, taking pride in a growing competence, as the two officers entered.

Colonel William Washington, a distant kinsman of the commander in chief, displayed a breadth verging on red-faced stoutness. Colonel Andrew Pickens, in contrast, loomed tall and spare and sallow. Nevertheless, both men had in common the bearing of planters who found war an irksome chore. Their solemnity hinted at military tidings, but with the unhurried movements of countrymen they took campstools and gazed at the general's back.

After a decent prelude of silence

(*Continued on page 55*)

His voice ripped through th silence: "Here's your chance Now show me what you can do.

WHAT'S LEFT OF HITLER'S AIR FORCE?

65,000 Nazi planes have tailed into smoke since the war began. With a daily operating strength of less than 4,000 planes, the Luftwaffe's power is fading fast

BY LEONARD ENGEL

Five months of war upon Russia cost Hitler 20,000 planes. Here Stalin's men are looking over the riddled wreck of one of them.

ON the night of January 16, 500 bombers struck the first British aerial blow at Berlin in nearly a year and a half. The R. A. F. expected to lose fifty planes. But few German fighters challenged the raiders that night. The British lost only one plane.

Squadrons which should have risen to give them battle were stationed elsewhere. The defenses of the heart of the Reich had been stripped in favor of more frequently attacked areas. Hitler's mighty Luftwaffe had had to borrow from Peter to protect Paul.

The Luftwaffe's absence from Berlin is part of the evidence from every front that we are winning the war in the air. In Russia, it is more than a year since the Nazis have been able to gain a decisive air advantage in more than one region at a time. In Africa, the Nazi decision to quit Libya and concentrate on a single front in Tunisia was dictated, at least in part, by lack of air power.

The "invincible" Luftwaffe received its first beating in the Battle of Britain in the fall of 1940. Berlin's hardheaded strategists, however, were shrewd enough to break off the futile attacks on London before their prized air fleet could suffer irreparable damage. During the next winter and spring Nazi losses were more than made good by the prodigious capacity of German arms factories. By the time Hitler was ready to invade the Soviet Union in June, 1941, the Luftwaffe was stronger than ever.

The attack on Russia is the event from which the real decline of German air power is dated. In nearly every one of the twenty months since then, losses in battle, accidents, and wear and tear have exceeded new production by a cheering margin. Air and ground crews have also been steadily depleted. On June 22, 1941, by condemning it to around-the-map operations, Hitler struck his air force, as well as his army, a blow which will prove the key to its eventual ruin.

Reconstructing the record of the Luftwaffe's shrinkage and measuring its remaining strength, however, are difficult tasks. Few battle reports are fully accurate, no matter how honest and painstaking the men who make them, for air action is extremely confusing. Even the best pilots sometimes form wildly erroneous impressions which find their way into communiqués.

But there *are* facts which no censor can conceal and no Goebbels can distort.

When Hitler invaded the U. S. S. R., the Luftwaffe—trainers, transports, and auxiliaries are not included in these figures—consisted of five air fleets, each of 1,300 planes, plus the Richthofen Group, a special unit of 800 machines, chiefly dive bombers. These—nearly 7,500 aircraft altogether—provided the German High Command with a day-to-day operating force of 6,000 fighting ships, by far the heaviest "air weapon" ever forged. An additional 15,000 to 18,000 fighters and bombers were undergoing major overhaul, in storage, or otherwise in reserve behind the lines.

Except for the Battle of Britain, in which for two months it lost planes almost twice as fast as they could be replaced, the Luftwaffe had been treated with unusual kindness by the first year and three quarters of war. Its average losses—including the toll of accidents and wear—had not been much more than 500 combat craft a month. Scores of Luftwaffe units had been idle for six months at a time. But on June 22, 1941, every squadron was pressed into service. Four air fleets and the Richthofen Group were hurled at the Soviets. The remaining fleet had to cover all the rest of Europe. The Luftwaffe soon showed signs of strain.

The combat airplane has a short

life. Whatever its nationality, within five months of its departure from the factory its career will probably be ended in a wreath of battle smoke, a storm, a bad landing at a muddy patch-pocket airport at the front, a raid on a field at which it is parked, or by damage too great for repair.

The "death rate" of a fighting air service from all causes is generally about one fifth of its entire force, first-line and reserve, each month. The Luftwaffe, owing to a phenomenally efficient repair and salvage service, has an unusually low "death rate"—one seventh a month. Its losses since June 22, 1941, are nevertheless astronomical. During the first five months of the Nazi-Soviet struggle, Göring's flying Aryans lost more than 20,000 planes, *enough to equip fifteen air fleets.* Nearly half of them were shot down in combat by the Red Air Force.

Even the German aircraft industry and air-crew training system were unable to keep pace with these extravagant expenditures. In September of 1941 the four air fleets on the Soviet front were regrouped into three, to close the gaps in each, and Rommel was able to obtain only a dribble of air reinforcements to meet the expected British push in Africa.

When the turn came in the Battle of Moscow, and the Nazis realized no German would sit in Stalin's Kremlin chair that year, German air activities in Russia were reduced to a minimum. The Luftwaffe needed a rest, and its planes and equipment were not suited to the Russian winter anyway. As a result, Nazi casualties in the east dropped to 1,000 or so planes a month.

THE winter gave the Luftwaffe the opportunity to recoup at least some of the strength it had dissipated—in Russia, in the Mediterranean area, and on the western air front. A million and a half German soldiers were furloughed for three months of work in war factories, a third of them in the Heinkel, Messerschmitt, Dornier, Junkers, and the other great airplane plants. As a result, German plane builders built more fighting machines in December, January, and February a year ago than ever before or since.

Enough combat ships were stored away out of the record-breaking winter production to give the High Command the use of 5,000 to 5,500 planes a day for the strokes it planned for 1942.

In the greatest of these, the drive to the Volga, the Nazis unveiled a new kind of warfare. German generals call it *Mot Pulk*—motorized pulverization. The generals decided that blitzkrieg's free-ranging panzer-stuka team was not heavy enough to hold what it gained. In 1941 literally dozens of German armored divisions had plunged through the Soviet lines, only to be cut off from the rear and annihilated by counterattacking Soviet troops and planes. The German High Command's remedy was to back the tanks with endless regiments of motorized infantry and artillery and to shield the land units with unheard-of concentrations of air power—hundreds of planes to pound a single square mile.

In the end, *Mot Pulk's* principal accomplishment seems to have been the rapid exhaustion of its inventors. It was really the mass fighting of 1914-18 dolled up in the streamlines of 1942. It was the most expensive kind of warfare the perverted minds

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Cologne's railway workshops as seen from the air before and after the R. A. F.'s 1,000-bomber raid in May, 1942.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THE COBRA'S COUSIN

BY EDWIN RUTT

When is a kid sister not a brat? Thirteen-year-old Lucinda supplies the answer in this gay story of a soldier's romance!

ON the way up home from the station I met Lucinda, the one I call the "Cobra's Cousin." I say I met her. Actually she yoo-hooed at me from across the street loudly and violently. The Cobra's Cousin is about as shy as Leo Durocher.

I waited while she crossed over. She wore a brown beanie, a red woolly muffler, a gray coat, and galoshes. She was carrying her schoolbooks. There was a patch of ice in the road and on this she slid, purposely, nearly fell, righted herself, and arrived before me in tipsy fashion.

"It's just time you came home, Johnny Gatley," she said severely.

"So?" I said, wondering what was coming. I am suspicious of the Cobra's Cousin and all her works.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

Well, I am a private stationed at Camp Sagren. I enlisted under my own steam and I'm proud of it. The whole town, Lucinda Conroy included, knows these things. So I didn't answer her, seeing no point in expatiating upon what was already common knowledge.

"Why," I asked, "is it time I came home?"

The Cobra's Cousin looked at me appraisingly. She has a small somber face, deep hazel eyes that see altogether too much, and a snubbed nose liberally peppered with freckles. She admits to thirteen years of age.

"Because it just is, Johnny Gatley," she said. "You'd never ought to have gone off to that camp in the first place without settling things with June."

June? Well, if she desired to talk about June, I would listen. June is a girl who has everything. In fact, she has something you wouldn't even expect her to have. Namely, a kid sister like Lucinda.

"Tell you what, Lucinda," I said. "Suppose that we talk this over in the drugstore. I'll buy you a soda."

"No," said the Cobra's Cousin. "I don't drink sodas any more. They're bad for the figure. But I'll have a coke," she added virtuously.

"Now then," I said, when I'd seconded her at the soda fountain, "what about June?"

The Cobra's Cousin inserted a straw in the coke and accounted for half the beverage with one mighty pull. "June," she announced, "is having her head turned."

For a second I didn't get it because she spoke flatly, matter-of-factly, as if head-turning were something you bought voluntarily, in a beauty shop.

"Come, come," I said. "What is this?"

The Cobra's Cousin tried another approach. "Verne Hackett is home," she said.

"So what?"

"So what?" She looked at me as one who is confronted by unbelievable density. "So Verne Hackett came home and he is now a lieutenant. He wears a just wonderful uniform, and he is with June all the time, turning her head with it."

THIS did indeed smack of news. But I didn't regard it as bad news. Verne Hackett had always hung around June, when he could. I'd never considered him a serious menace, though. Because June Conroy and I had a . . . well, a sort of understanding, dating from grammar-school days.

"Listen," I said. "I can deal with Verne Hackett."

"I just hope you can, Johnny Gatley." Lucinda gravely regarded the habiliments in which Uncle Sam garbs privates. "While you were at that camp you ought to have gotten yourself a lieutenant's uniform."

"That was neglectful of me," I said scathingly. "The army hands them out, you know, just for the asking."

"Well," said Lucinda, "Verne Hackett got one."

I was getting fed up. Lucinda's attitude seemed to suggest that Verne Hackett had become possessed of virtues that had never been apparent in the old days. "See here," I said. "I'm not worrying about Verne. They could make him a full general and he'd still be a heel."

"That is what you think," said Lucinda portentously. "But you had better see for yourself. Verne is different now. And, besides, I happen to know that he is ever so much more romantic than you are, Johnny Gatley. He just is."

WELL, to be honest, the Cobra's Cousin did have a certain yardstick by which to measure depths of romanticism in me. She came by it nefariously, of course. On the night before I'd left for camp, I'd proposed to June. The great lovers of history, such as Antony, Cellini, et al., might have found my technique a bit casual. But you have to remember that for years I'd considered June and me a sure thing. In any case, spang in the middle of one of my better passages had come a snicker.

June had darted off the couch and fished Lucinda out from the draperies between the living room and dining room. What followed had not been conducive to romance.

June had shaken Lucinda soundly. She had even gone so far as to wallop Lucinda, once but good, on the anatomical section popularly devoted to sitting. And Lucinda had bawled a little from mortification.

"Well, what about it?" I'd said to June, when the shambles were over.

But Lucinda had dished the golden moment. "Oh, I don't know Johnny," June had replied irritably. "That darn kid."

I'd let it go at that, mentally de-

Time marched on, and at a late hour it was borne in upon me that Verne meant to sit me out.

ciding to get a furlough as soon as possible, take June up on a mountaintop and propose in peace.

"If I remember," I said to Lucinda now, "you weren't much help on one occasion."

"We will not go into that," Lucinda said calmly. "The point is, how long will you be home?"

"I've only forty-eight hours," I said. "I'll have to catch an early train Sunday to be back on time."

She shook her head. "It's not enough."

"Listen, Lucinda," I said. "Why do you concern yourself with grown-up affairs when you ought to be out playing hopscotch?"

"If you just want to know, it's because I don't like Verne."

"And you do like me?"

She thought that one over. "Not much," she said at last. "But you're better than he is. And I don't think you're going to make it. Not in forty-eight hours, anyhow."

I'd had enough of her gloomy imaginings. I had come home to enjoy myself and, right at the kick-off, Lucinda was managing to make me feel like a slug nickel. "Don't you worry," I said. "I'll handle this. Have another coke?"

"No," said Lucinda. "But you give me the nickel. I'll just put it toward a war stamp."

I gave her a quarter. "Buy yourself a whole stamp," I said, "all at once."

I called June the minute I got home, and realized immediately that

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ELEANOR CHASE had made bigger headlines and broken more records than any other woman flyer, but she was grounded now forever—or so she thought. A year ago, on a transcontinental flight, she had lost her way, had made a forced landing, and her navigator, Eddie Bonham, had been killed. Coming so soon after a conversation Lennie had had with a columnist in a night club, the accident gave rise to ugly gossip. For when the columnist had jokingly asked how she could compete with the wars for front-page space, Lennie had answered lightly, "Get lost."

So, when the crash came, it was whispered that Lennie Chase had sacrificed Eddie Bonham's life for the sake of publicity. Even Bill Keith, whom Lennie had loved, believed it. And Doris Taggart, a rival woman flyer, had snubbed her publicly.

Walter Chase, who built Chase planes, advised his daughter to forget the whole thing and join the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron. But Lennie refused. Bill Keith, now a major, passed on candidates for the WAFS, and she couldn't bear to face him.

Andy Rogers, a lieutenant at Langley Field near the Chase home, was responsible for Lennie's changing her mind. One day he came down on the Chases' landing field, too drunk to go on.

He had been sent out to help look for a rubber boat that had been reported offshore. Lennie flew the plane while Andy phoned reports to the field. When they sighted an enemy submarine refueling from another sub, he sobered up and took over. Orders came to attack.

"You've got to forget I'm here," said Lennie. "Go on!"

Andy swooped and machine-gunned the subs, but they got away. On the way home, he asked her why she hadn't joined the WAFS. She reminded him of the gossip.

"Don't you see how you could slap all those guys down?" he said. "If you joined the WAFS, that would *make* 'em shut up. Fighting this war is a hell of a lot more important than sitting home with a gripe."

So Lennie went to see Bill. As soon as they met she knew he was still suspicious of her motives.

"See here, Lennie," he said. "How many newspapermen have you told you were coming here today?"

"None," she replied.

Then he told her that two reporters had telephoned the air base to ask if they could come out and get shots of Eleanor Chase as she signed up.

Lennie was stunned. "Bill, I don't know anything about this! I—"

But Bill Keith just smiled: "You haven't really changed a bit, have you?"

LADY WITH WINGS

Lennie knew she'd chosen the hard way—but when a woman must prove herself to the man she loves, does she ever count the cost?

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

LENNIE'S confusion sharpened to anger. She had never known a man who could infuriate her so quickly as could Bill Keith. Sitting pale and rigid, her eyes clashing with his, she wanted to fling a retort at him—something harsh and brutal that would sting him as he had hurt her.

But a sergeant entered to place a few papers on the desk. Bill had to glance through them, sign them. While she looked at his lowered head, at the thick dark hair, she was able to suppress her temper, though she had to fight herself to do it. And by the time the sergeant left she had recovered enough self-control to talk quietly.

"I haven't the faintest notion of how the newspapers got the report," she said.

"Happen to have a publicity agent?"

"Of course not!"

Bill arched one brow higher than the other. He had a way of making half his face look solemn while the other half held mockery, the effect being one of cynicism that exasperated her.

"Maybe," he suggested, "the Associated Press now employs astrologers, soothsayers, mind readers, and such, to divine these things. Extraordinary, the way they work."

"Go on! Amuse yourself!"

"I'm not a bit amused, Lennie."

"Did you *ask* those men where they got their information?"

"No. Captain Grant of Public Relations talked to them. He told them the WAFS didn't approve of personal stories and interviews."

"In that case," said Lennie, her temper still at the danger point, "there won't *be* any publicity, will there? And you have nothing to worry about. . . . When can I see Mrs. Love about joining?"

"Meaning you've had enough of me." Bill smiled at his pipe. "Maybe you'd better understand first, Lennie, what you'll be letting yourself in for. The WAFS isn't a glamour outfit. You'll work hard—harder than you've ever worked in your life—and you won't get a word of newspaper publicity out of it."

"If you mention publicity again," Lennie said in a whisper, "I'll blast this place apart with the loudest scream it ever heard."

He was silent while he gave her a sidelong glance. Then he went on without a change of tone: "You'll have to go through four weeks of training that will call on all the stamina you've got. You'll drill like a man. You'll study navigation and meteorology and army procedure. You'll learn to handle fast army planes the army way. You'll work from eight to five every day, and you'll work damned hard."

"I'm prepared for that."

"Are you?" He smiled cryptically. "Well, I hope so. Of course, I haven't gone into your qualifications, but I imagine you're all right there. You're over twenty-one and under thirty-five; you're an American citizen and a high-school graduate; and you've had cross-country experience—plenty of it." He looked at her narrowly. "By the way, how many hours of flying have you? I mean, apart from all that—pleasure flying you've done."

She guessed he had almost said "publicity flying." But she ignored it answering firmly, "Eleven hundred hours."

"How'd you ever roll up a total like that "

"I used to instruct on father's planes. . . . If you've finished telling me how dreadful life in the WAFS can be, I'd like to talk to Mrs. Love."

He bent forward to knock the ashes of his pipe into a tray. "I wonder, Lennie, how easy it's going to be for a person like you to start at the bottom. I mean, to forget about having been the celebrated Eleanor Chase. Once you join the WAFS, you know, you become just another anonymous Civil Service employee. Without ever finding a committee or a reporter to welcome you at the end of a flight."

"Bill," she said in a low tone, "I think you're the blindest man I've ever known."

He was startled, a bit disconcerted. A flush came into his face, and she was glad of it—glad she had been able to hurt him.

"What am I blind to?"

"Only the fact that I'm not looking for a soft berth. All I want is a chance to *fly!*"

She could see something in him soften. For a moment he was the Bill Keith she had come so close to loving: a man with understanding eyes, with warmth of heart. . . . But the moment passed. He cleared his throat.

"Ready for a flight test?" he asked.

"What do I have to do?"

"Take off and land in an army primary trainer. Go through climbing turns, gliding turns, steep turns; chandelles and lazy eights; power-on stalls and power-off stalls; spins, simulated forced landings, and spot landings. I don't think you'll have any trouble with those."

"Probably not."

"If the gremlins don't get you and you pass, you'll go before a com-

(*Continued on page 65*)

"Would you rather read that than fight with me?" a languid voice inquired. Bill rose quickly.

HOW CAN WE PAY FOR THE WAR?

We will borrow and we will tax, but we must do both so that the greatest number of people carry the load — if we are to cut unnecessary spending and head off runaway inflation

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Treasury promotes the sale of bonds by means of War Savings stamps—plus such smiles as Ann Gwynne's for stamp purchasers!

EARLY in January the President broke the news that this war is going to cost us at least $100,000,000,000 in the fiscal year of 1943-44. When we first read these figures, most of us just blinked. It is impossible for any one to visualize one hundred billion dollars, so most of us don't try. We know we have to pay what it costs to win this war, and we know that we shall go through with it if it takes our last nickel.

But it makes a lot of difference *how* we pay. It is important now in terms of morale and efficiency in waging the war; it may be much more important to us in the postwar period. Most countries bungled the financing of World War I because their statesmen thought it was merely a matter of raising enough money. What they did not see was that the manner in which money is raised is an important war weapon in itself. A wise policy can strengthen the home front and reduce the suffering caused by the war. Unsound steps can do a lot of damage.

Today most economists agree that the primary objective of a country's wartime financial policy must be to help make the *fullest* possible use of man power and material resources. It must reduce civilian spending so labor and supplies can be diverted to planes and tanks. It should also help distribute wartime sacrifices fairly, and thus minimize postwar headaches.

Our government has three choices: (1) it may rely chiefly on borrowing, (2) it may seek to raise most of the needed money through taxation; or (3) it may create new money through inflationary measures. In the last war we relied chiefly on borrowing and inflation. The results were far from satisfactory. In this war we shall doubtless use all three methods, but much depends on which ones we *emphasize*.

Of the three means, borrowing is the most tempting. While no one likes to pay taxes, most people are usually willing to lend money to the government. And the fact that borrowing is easy does not make it undesirable. On the contrary, we should rely on loans to cover at least part of our wartime expenses. Borrowing is an effective, painless way of diverting money that might otherwise be used to buy luxuries.

We have often been told that we must buy War Bonds so that our boys can have the weapons they need to win the war. This is misleading. If we didn't put a cent in War Bonds, the government would go right ahead and buy all the planes and tanks the country can turn out. But meanwhile we would be wanting to buy goods with the money not used for the purchase of War Bonds. In this way we would be competing with the government for the dwindling supply of materials and labor, thus causing prices to skyrocket.

Paying all our war expenses by borrowing, however, would saddle the government with a stupendous

debt. It will be huge enough if, as is planned, we meet only a part of our bills by borrowing. Many of us can remember being a little anxious about a national debt of less than $30,000,000,000 during the depression. Today it is nearly $120,000,000,000, and by the end of the next fiscal year it is expected to reach $210,000,000,000. Even if the interest on this debt can be held to an average of 2 per cent, the interest charge alone will amount to some $4,200,000,000 a year by the end of 1944.

But if our national income at the end of the war stays in the neighborhood of $150,000,000,000, as many economists predict, a $4,000,000,000 interest charge is not going to be more than we can manage. It does not even begin to compare with the burden Great Britain carried, without default, for fifteen years after the last war. So we don't have to be alarmed about our ability to carry the debt which is in prospect.

Why Not Draft Dollars?

BORROWING does, however, present other problems. One is ethical and social. We draft men for service in the armed forces, even though we know that some of them may be called upon to sacrifice their lives. But in obtaining the needed money for our war effort, we still depend largely on volunteers—and pay a bonus in the form of interest.

Another problem is that at the end of the war the debt may not be fairly distributed among the whole population. Studies of income distribution show that not more than 1 per cent of the population saves most of the money that is normally saved in the United States in any one year. If these people bought most of the bonds, they would be in a peculiarly favorable position once the war was over. The country as a whole would be taxed, not to pay the cost of the war but to repay those who had been able to make substantial loans to support the war. The Treasury has sought to minimize this difficulty by limiting the purchase of ordinary War Bonds to $10,000 worth per person in any one year, and by encouraging the sale of bonds to low-income groups by means of War Saving stamps, payroll-deduction arrangements, and other schemes.

If every man and woman in the country buys War Bonds, this objection to borrowing as a means of financing a considerable part of the war will have been eliminated. For every one would then have a financial stake in the government, and repayment of the debt in the postwar period would serve to maintain purchasing power generally instead

WHERE THE MONEY WILL COME FROM
WE'RE PAYING FOR IT RIGHT NOW...
IN MEN, RAW MATERIALS, FOOD, MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS
METHODS OF FINANCING THE PAYMENT
TAXATION
The Government takes part of our income to help pay the bills, and to stop us from buying too many civilian goods—which divert men and material from the war effort.
BORROWING
The Government borrows part of our money to prevent excess spending as well as to meet some of its bills. We get back our money (plus interest) to spend in post-war days
INFLATION
The Government may create new money through inflationary measures—an easy expedient because it creates an illusion of prosperity. Actually, it is concealed taxation falling most heavily on those least able to pay
TAXATION AND BORROWING ARE OUR MAINSTAYS
TAXATION
A lot from each of us with an income, according to our ability to pay
TAXES
BONDS
BORROWING
All that we can spare, after we've paid taxes and bought necessary goods
INFLATION
Although some degree of inflation is inevitable, wise taxation and borrowing methods will minimize the risk of runaway inflation—our chief wartime, post-war headaches
RESULTS OF SUCCESSFULLY COMBINING METHODS
1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944
MINIMUM RISE IN NATIONAL DEBT
BONDS PROVIDE FUNDS FOR POST-WAR PURCHASES AND PROSPERITY
WAR-TIME PRICE RISES HELD T A MINIMUM

of merely swelling the bank accounts of a few.

The widest possible distribution of War Bonds is important also to reduce the amount of money that has to be borrowed from banks. When a commercial bank buys bonds from the government, it does not always use its depositors' money. The government has to borrow many tens of billions, and banks do not have anything like enough idle deposits on hand. So they buy the bonds by a mere bookkeeping transaction. They simply credit the government's bank account with an amount equal to the purchase price of the bonds. This is inflationary because it means that *new* money has been created at a time when the supply of consumer goods is sharply curtailed.

How Inflation Chisels Us

BUT governments are tempted to indulge in large-scale borrowing from banks and in other inflationary policies because they are the easiest way to finance a war. The public is lulled into a sort of coma by the spectacle of rising wages, salaries, and profits. When we speak of inflation, we frequently think of printing huge amounts of paper money as Germany did in 1922 and 1923. But inflation merely means a situation in which prices show a tendency to rise rather generally and rapidly. This is not always bad. Some rise in prices is probably necessary in wartime to encourage increased production of raw materials and to divert materials and labor to the war industries.

In the long run, however, inflation is both treacherous in method and unfair in its effect. It is really a concealed form of taxation which falls most heavily on those least able to bear the burden. Wage earners and white-collar employees find that prices tend to increase more rapidly than their wages or salaries. Those whose incomes are rigidly fixed in terms of dollars suffer most. This is particularly true of government employees, teachers, professional men, widows, and retired pensioners.

There are some groups that may benefit by an inflationary rise in prices—at least temporarily. Farmers and other producers of raw materials are in this position. But in the long run farmers, too, are likely to suffer severely. When the inevitable crash comes, they will find, as they did in 1920, that their debts are pegged to an inflated wartime price level while their incomes have shrunk to peacetime proportions.

Why does a government ever embark on an inflationary program? The answer is inflation is almost

(*Continued on page 54*)

TEN MEN AND AN ECHO

"NUTS!" said Second Lieutenant Cullin Howard, lately chief acoustical engineer for Regent Films.

"Nuts!" said the echo, and, "Nuts, nuts, nuts, nuts, nuts!" said all the other echoes in order. They batted it around the valley, the last one picking it up, it seemed, right under Howard's feet. That last one always made him jump. From across the cave mouth, Jennis, the radioman, grinned understandingly. Fillow and McKenzie hadn't heard the message yet. Howard read it to them in a whisper, out of deference to the echo.

"Decoded, it says, 'Raiding Lumbao harbor and town on the 18th. Deploy men on landward side to create diversion. Zero at 4.58 A. M.'" He laughed under his breath. "Ten men with machine guns spread over four miles won't divert the little swine much. We didn't have many December 7, and since then the Japs have taken the place—after, our communiqué said, 'encountering stiff resistance!' What do they think we are, a division?"

"Maybe they think the Japs are a division, sir," Fillow suggested.

"'Create a diversion,'" Howard quoted. "You could go down and sing to 'em, McKenzie. Or, Jennis—you diverted the Norfolk police force one night back in the States—want to go down and tie one on?"

"This sake, sir," Jennis asked. "Can a man get organized on it?"

"Not properly," Howard admitted. "But we've got to do something. What can you do, Fillow?"

"I can recite Horatius at the Bridge, sir," Fillow said. "'In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three. Now who will stand on either hand and keep the fleas off me?'"

"Well, there's nothing else for it," Howard said. "We'll have to take the machine guns over the hump and make some sort of show of it. I'd sort of hoped to get you guys out of this, though."

"Why?" McKenzie said. "Y' think we want to live forever, sir?"

Fillow was the machine gunner, and he looked at the weapons upon which he had lavished the care of uncounted hours in hiding. "It would be kind of fun, sir," he suggested, and Howard nodded.

"It would, you know," he agreed. "All right, McKenzie. Take yourself a walk across the hill and check the set-up." McKenzie rose. "And no pot shots," Howard warned him.

Jennis sat tapping his fingers reflectively on the cave wall.

"I was thinking, sir," he said. "I like a worth-while fight, but all we can do here is get ourselves killed—and for nothing. What if we hadn't picked up that message? We don't answer, anyhow."

"No," Howard said. "Unless there were real need they wouldn't have chanced that message. That means the attacking force isn't going to be any too big and they need what help we can give 'em."

"Yes, sir," Jennis said. "I catch on."

"Atta man." Howard looked out across the valley. It was a neat spot. A cleft volcanic dike almost closed the mouth. The walls, steep to sheerness, were pocked with a multitude of caves, and the echoes were there to give warning of approach from any direction, even from the rim above. In the six months since they had landed, the Japs had failed to find the spot to which Lieutenant Howard had led the remnant of his tiny defending force. Their headquarters cave mouth was conveniently blocked by a jagged lava pinnacle, and deep down in the back-sloping cavern there was a seepage spring of good cool water. They had stored guns, ammunition, and infinite boredom. Five men under Sergeant Benson kept watch from another cave across the valley.

It was two o'clock when McKenzie returned. He slid down the overhang and dropped to the cave floor, saluting as he landed.

"Neatest trick of the week, McKenzie," Howard commented. "How's Mr. Moto?"

"Multiplied," said McKenzie. "Lieutenant, that business about a division is no hogwash. There are transports in the harbor and a flock of destroyers and a couple cruisers standing off the head, and there are a couple of thousand guys ashore manhandling stores."

"That tears it," Howard said. "I

BY
ROBERT S. MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

stood up. "Jennis, get your transmitter ready." Jennis stared at him.

"But, lieutenant," he objected, "they'll catch the signal and find us. That's why we haven't—"

"Sure they'll find us," Howard told him. "And they'll wipe us out. But what's ten guys against a task force with ships and the whole works sailing into a trap like this? Ten guys us against, say, a thousand or so. Start the transmitter."

"Yes, sir," said Jennis. Howard bent over his map case, coding the message. Tersely it told the situation. He passed it to Jennis and the transmitter arced into action.

"It won't be long now," said McKenzie, and sighed happily. He crossed to his machine gun and fed in a fresh belt.

"Take 'em about two hours," Howard said, half to himself. "They'll come in, and we'll get a few, and they'll bring artillery and shoot hell out of us. Not good."

"Not good," said the echo, and all the other echoes took up the refrain. Howard sat and listened, and a slow smile broke over his face.

"Call in Sergeant Benson and the boys," he said. "Now, look, you guys . . ."

WHEN the American task force—and it was a big one—arrived two days behind schedule, having encountered an enemy transport and convoy force at sea on the way in, the officer commanding was a trifle miffed at what he found on the shore of Lumbao harbor. Within a barbed-wire stockade were fifty long-faced Japanese infantrymen. Outside were one marine second lieutenant, a sergeant, and eight privates. Nothing else. He addressed himself to the lieutenant.

"Well, sir," he said, "I find you in complete control, yet we had a message warning of a strong force of the enemy here, and delayed to strengthen our party. We can't waste ships, you know, nor men, nor time."

"Yes, sir," said the second lieutenant. "There were just the ten of us, but we had some echoes."

"Echoes?"

"Yes, sir. They didn't know which were echoes and which were machine guns, so we carved 'em up. I'm sorry about the ships, sir. We couldn't stop 'em."

"We did," said the rear admiral grimly. "But I don't get this, lieutenant."

"When we broke radio silence to warn you," Howard said, "they found our hide-out. I posted the boys in caves around the little valley where we were, and when they came in, we wiped out all but a few of the first force. They sent in a big outfit then, but the echoes there had them all confused, and they went charging around all over the place, and we got 'em. All except these." He gestured toward the group in the stockade. "They'd had enough."

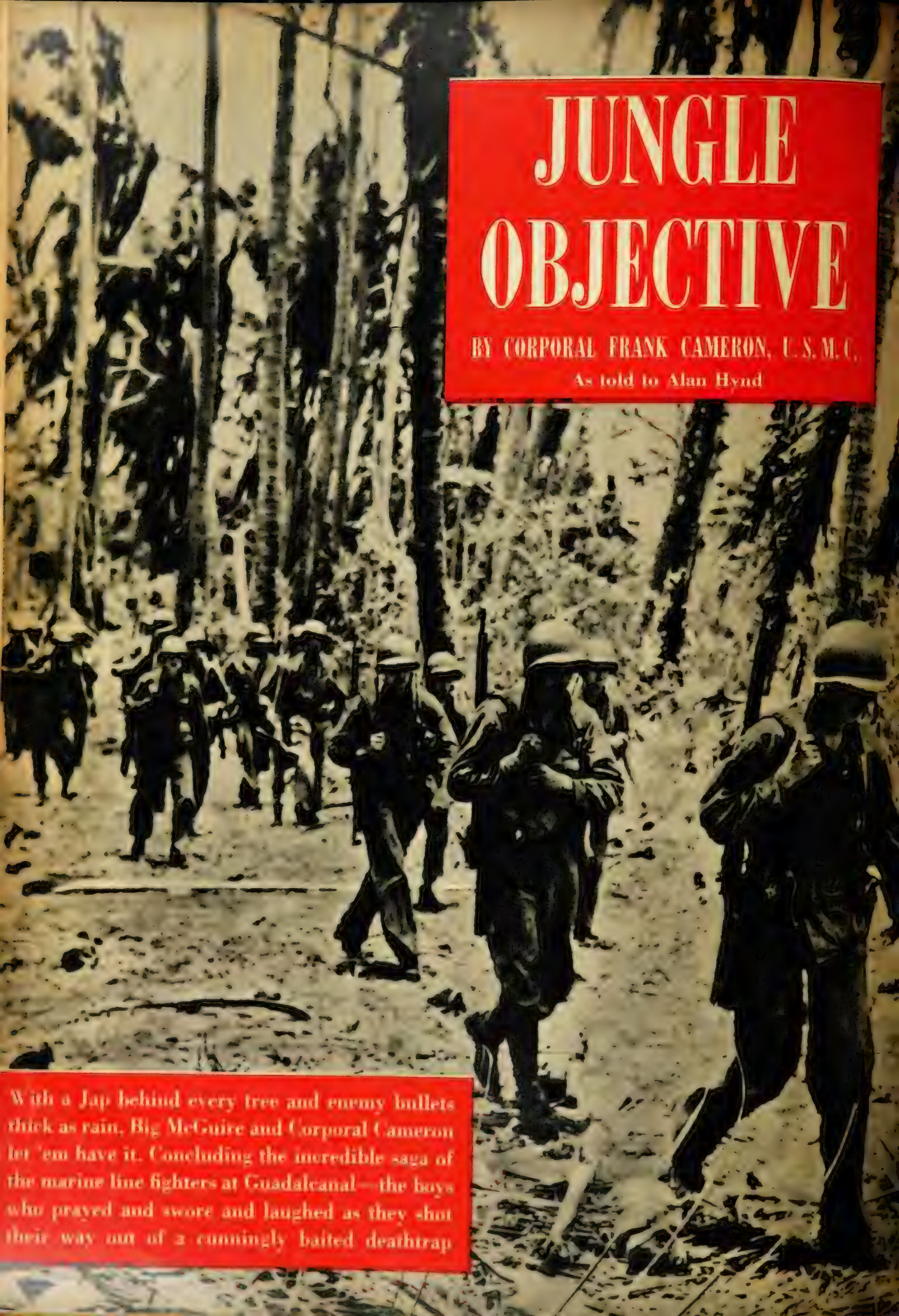
"How many were there?"

"A couple of thousand, sir. Maybe more."

The rear admiral smiled. "Medals in this, lieutenant," he said. "Well done!"

Cullin Howard grinned. "It's a damn shame, admiral," he said, "you can't pin a medal on an echo."

THE END



JUNGLE OBJECTIVE

BY CORPORAL FRANK CAMERON, U.S.M.C.

As told to Alan Hynd

With a Jap behind every tree and enemy bullets thick as rain, Big McGuire and Corporal Cameron let 'em have it. Concluding the incredible saga of the marine line fighters at Guadalcanal—the boys who prayed and swore and laughed as they shot their way out of a cunningly baited deathtrap

YOUNG Corporal Cameron and his squad had their first taste of jungle warfare on Guadalcanal as rear guard to 500 marines sent to meet a strong Jap force that was menacing Henderson Field. The marines were ambushed, but got back across the Matanikau River and dug in for the night. At dawn it was apparent that the enemy had crossed the river. After that, anything could happen.

SECOND OF TWO PARTS

AS McGuire and I picked our way through the heavy Guadalcanal underbrush, we passed the body of our buddy who had been killed the afternoon before. When I looked at it my eyes filled with tears. I think I would have given ten years of my life to have laid hands on a Jap at that moment.

We buried that mutilated body and started hunting out the spots where we had seen more of our dead. After we had finished the burials we were in such a rage that we couldn't speak. We got some water from the river and made our way back to our dug-in position on the hill.

Oddly, Jap snipers didn't bother us during the return trip. It wasn't until our company captain, J. T. Cross, informed us that a band of Carlson's Raiders were double-timing it toward our hill that McGuire and I understood why the Japs hadn't taken a crack at us. Those in the treetops had probably seen the Raiders and figured they'd better not betray their own whereabouts.

Revised strategy called for the Raiders to join about two hundred of our force and take up where we had left off. They were to move in and push the Japs south along the Matanikau River to the Coral Sea at a point some five miles from Henderson Field. Meanwhile other marines were to go from Henderson Field to that point and land from Higgins boats in the Japs' rear.

McGuire, Burger, young Moe Holder, Charlie Bruce, and the other members of my squad forgot their sorrow and rage when they heard that they were to be part of this force which would strike the Nips from the rear. "This is goin' to be just fine and dandy," said the tall, lanky, and perpetually hungry McGuire, "providin' we get enough to eat."

When the Raiders arrived, we began the trek back through the jungle to Henderson Field. It was slow going. We were loaded down with our wounded.

Our orders came on Sunday, as we were hanging around waiting for Father Thiel's services to begin. Major MacDougal, second in command to Colonel Chesty Puller of our battalion, took the telephone call. "Awful sorry, father," he told the priest, "but three hundred of us won't be able to attend the service. We've got to leave immediately for the attack up the coast."

Father Thiel looked disappointed. "War's war," he said, "and I know that nothing can wait. I'm sorry the boys who are going out can't attend this service—for it would be the last for some of them."

"Yes, they know that," answered Major MacDougal. "But all of them are prepared to die, father. They've been good boys, you know."

"I do know," said Father Thiel. "And may God bless every one of them."

We marched three miles to where we boarded the Higgins boats. We were to arrive at the landing point at one in the afternoon. By then Carlson's Raiders, according to word sent out from the battle area, would have the Japs in a pocket about a mile inland from where we debarked.

One of our destroyers hovered offshore as we landed. After we went ashore and found out what the situation was, we were to signal to the destroyer, which would open fire on the Japs. When we were sure they were concentrated in one place, the destroyer was to flash word to Henderson Field, where artillery would wipe out the Japs in the pocket—while we withdrew to the beach.

That's how it read on paper.

When we got out of the boats and began to wade ashore, some of our bombers came over and dropped eggs in the narrow strip of jungle that skirted the beach and in the coconut grove beyond. We figured that if any Japs were there, the bombs might smoke them out.

But we saw no signs of activity after the eggs were laid, so we advanced through the strip of jungle into the large coconut grove, first raking it with machine-gun fire

My squad of nine men and another squad were instructed to form a forward point and go up a hill near by in advance of the main body. The grass was at least two feet high. We crouched as we walked through it, our rifles ready and bayonets fixed. The appearance of the grass indicated that the Japs had probably not been there.

That part of the news seemed good—too good. I realized that when Charlie Bruce, who was a little ahead of McGuire, shouted, "I'm now at the top of the hill, and I see two of those yellow ———s!"

"Let them have it," I ordered.

He fired twice in rapid succession. "Got 'em both," he announced. "Say, I'm getting good!"

THEN McGuire spotted a Jap almost directly in front of him, and beat the Nip to the draw. By this time we had abandoned our crouching positions and rushed up to the hilltop.

But we found nothing except the three dead Japs. So we gave the signal for the rest of the boys, except the machine gunners who would protect our rear, to join us. At the moment they came up, some of us heard rifle shooting in the coconut grove between us and the beach—where our machine gunners were.

Major MacDougal sent a scout back to investigate.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Here's what it looks like—marines from Henderson Field boarding Higgins boats.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY RICHARD TUCKER

Berle, left, thinks the gag he has just pulled is very funny, but his writers, judging from their expressions, disagree.

EVERYTHING FOR A LAUGH

By EARL WILSON

Even other comedians' jokes—that, at any rate, is what rivals say about Milton Berle, the boisterous funnyman and star of the new Ziegfeld Follies

IF you are ever introduced to Milton Berle, don't say, "I'm pleased to meet you." Because Berle, who is a comedian at all times, will probably turn on you and growl, "Why?"

Right now, one reason you might want to meet this thirty-four-year-old comic is that he has snagged the starring role in Broadway's new Ziegfeld Follies. Moreover, Berle, a product of New York's tenement district, is now a movie star and radio personality who can make $10,000 a week in vaudeville any time he wants to work that hard.

Having risen to this dizzy eminence, he wishes that people would forget that he used to have a reputation as a gag stealer. It was, however, a far-flung reputation. One comedian, passing a theater where Berle was working several years ago, remarked to a companion, "Let's go in here and catch my act." Fred Allen once sent Berle a bundle of pictures and a note that said, "You're using my act. You might as well put my photographs in the lobby, too." And when Berle was performing at what was once the vaudeville players' heaven, the Palace Theater in New York, some of the older comedians sent him angry telegrams saying, "Please eliminate such and such a routine from your act. I originated that." Finally, Comedian Phil Silvers dispatched Berle the following wire: "Please eliminate breathing first three minutes of your act—I've been doing that for years."

Berle used to enjoy being called The Thief of Bad Gags. He finds it a little irksome now. He is, however, so slavishly devoted to laughs that he will continue to call himself a gag burglar if it will get a laugh. After the Ziegfeld Follies opening recently, he was sitting at the ringside in a plush night club. He had just been lamenting that he couldn't shake the gag-stealing notoriety. Suddenly the master of ceremonies in the club lured him to the floor and after some ad libbing, mentioned Jack Benny's radio program of a few nights before.

"Was he funny!" roared Berle. "I laughed so hard I almost dropped my paper and pencil!"

It was one of his older jokes, but he couldn't resist using it, because he knew it was sure-fire still. Much of the gag-stealing legend was deliberately invented by Berle to keep his name before the public. Now he needn't rely on such methods. The former poor boy named Milton Berlinger now smokes expensive cigars, frets about salary ceilings, takes

comfort in his annuities, and lives in swank surroundings. His mother, Mrs. Sarah Berlinger, a former store detective at Wanamaker's who used to be his manager, has maids, diamonds, ermine, mink, and sables.

Berle continues to get his greatest pleasure out of making up gags. He employs a whole stable of gag writers—pale-looking fellows who work at night and seldom see daylight.

Berle leaned heavily for his Follies material upon a writer named Joe Arons. Another contributor is Doug Whitney.

During an argument Berle once threatened to fire him. Yelled Whitney:

"You know what'll happen if I leave you?"

"What?" Berle yelled back.

"You'll go back to working for $7,500 a week."

Berle liked that gag so much he shrugged the argument.

WHEN his writers convene these nights in New York, an insane session ensues. They come into Berle's hotel suite carrying newspapers, for headlines are gag material. They look like the unfunniest people in the world. Without a word of greeting, they pile onto chairs and couches, open their collars, loosen their ties, and look sad. Berle stalks around the room. "What's topical?" he says.

"Lissen," says one of the gag men. "I don't have to sit here and let you tolerate me!"

"I resemble that remark!" growls another.

Those are just warm-up pitches, old malaprops Berle would hardly use except in the direst ad lib emergency. Berle scarcely notices them.

He is reading from a newspaper that a panhandler died leaving bank deposits of $50,000.

"I can use that as a build-up for a gag," he tells his stable. "I'll say I met a panhandler on the street the other day and he asked me for $20 for a cup of coffee. I asked him why he wanted so much. What does he say back?"

Immediately the gag writers chime in with answers. All are sour and unfunny. "How about you?" Berle says to Arons, whose nostrils quiver when he is about to utter a gag. Arons looks lost in thought. "I'm trying, ain't I?" he growls. "Keep punchin'," replies Berle.

Suddenly Arons starts quivering. "I got it," he says. "You ask him why he wants twenty dollars for a cup of coffee, and he says, 'Because I always take two lumps of sugar.'"

The other gag writers nod approval. But not Berle. "Too many sugar gags," he says. "I got it—sssh! —nobody talk—I'll lose my thought. Here it is. I ask him why he wants twenty dollars for a cup of coffee and he says, 'Because I'm a heavy tipper.'"

"A great line," says Arons. The others agree. Berle looks pleased. Arons scribbles the gag on a pad.

"Here's another one about the panhandler," says Berle. "I met him on the street—and recognized him as an old actor friend. I asked him if I could buy him some lunch. He said, 'But I haven't had breakfast yet.' I said, 'What's the difference?' He said, 'Listen. What are you trying to do—interfere with my schedule?'"

They write that down, too, and then go on gagging about panhandlers until they have about fifteen laughs—four of which must be very good. Then they arrange them in a fairly sensible sequence. The finished product is Berle's next radio monologue. It takes until dawn to complete it and the work is hard. Sometimes Berle shuts his eyes and pounds his forehead with his fists trying to bring out the gag. And when it does come forth, the others frequently sneer:

"That's lousy!"

Berle stars in these gag sessions because he hates to be "topped." If one of his writers produces a good line, he struggles to do a better one. "It's the ham in me," he says.

Always they're trying to develop a "switch" on some old gag. Thus the oldest of the oldies becomes, "Who was that knight I saw you with last, lady?" Berle's specialties, though, are surprise jokes. For example, he tells about a fellow saying good night to his girl. "Darling," says the fellow, "since I've been having dates with you, I can't eat, I can't even sleep." The girl says, "Why?" The fellow replies, "Because I got no money."

BERLE'S really big success—leading up to his current triumph in the Follies—started a little over two years ago when he got his nose

(*Continued on page 64*)

The mikes smoke when Berle talks fast in a Follies skit.

As a man dressmaker in the Follies, he enjoys his work.

SKETCHED ON A SUB CHASER

BY CARL KIDWELL, RM2C

EDITOR'S NOTE: These are the first drawings Carl Kidwell has ever sold except to Our Navy, the navy magazine. He never studied art. His main contact with pictures came when he and his brother left their home in Washington, Indiana, and traveled around the country operating a photo booth, taking three snapshots for a dime. When business grew less prosperous, Carl's brother joined the navy. Carl, after going to radio school, followed suit, and became a radioman, second class. Both boys were on the Quincy, but Carl had been transferred to a sub chaser before she was sunk. His brother was killed.

There's not much to do for recreation on a PC boat, so Carl started sketching. He works on a pad with pencil and crayon and draws what he sees around him. As a result, his sketches show a cross section of life aboard ship. He'd like to stay in the navy, and he'd also like to draw and paint. He hopes eventually that he may be able to combine the two by doing some kind of art work for the navy when the war is over. We'd say he's off to a flying start.

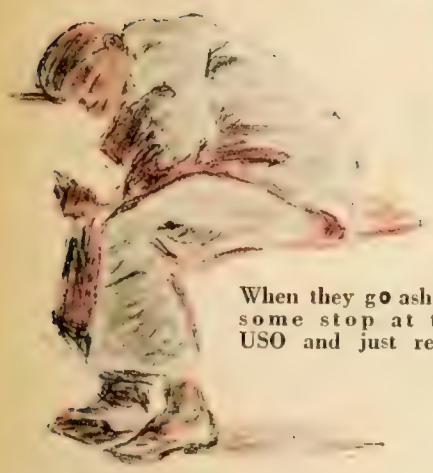
His studio is a deck, often rolling.

". . . and pass the ammunition." The crew of a sub chaser goes into action.

Time to hit the deck. It's the toughest moment in a tough day.

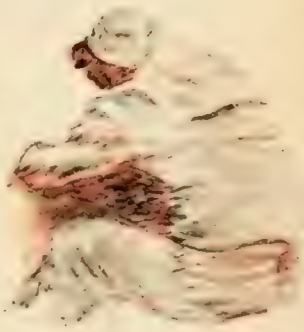
There's no privacy, even under a shower while Carl's around

Credulous boots caught in the act of swallowing an old salt's tall tales.



When they go ashore, some stop at the USO and just relax.

Others, more ambitious, write letters to the home folks.



Peaceful interlude. Is he reading deep stuff or Superman?

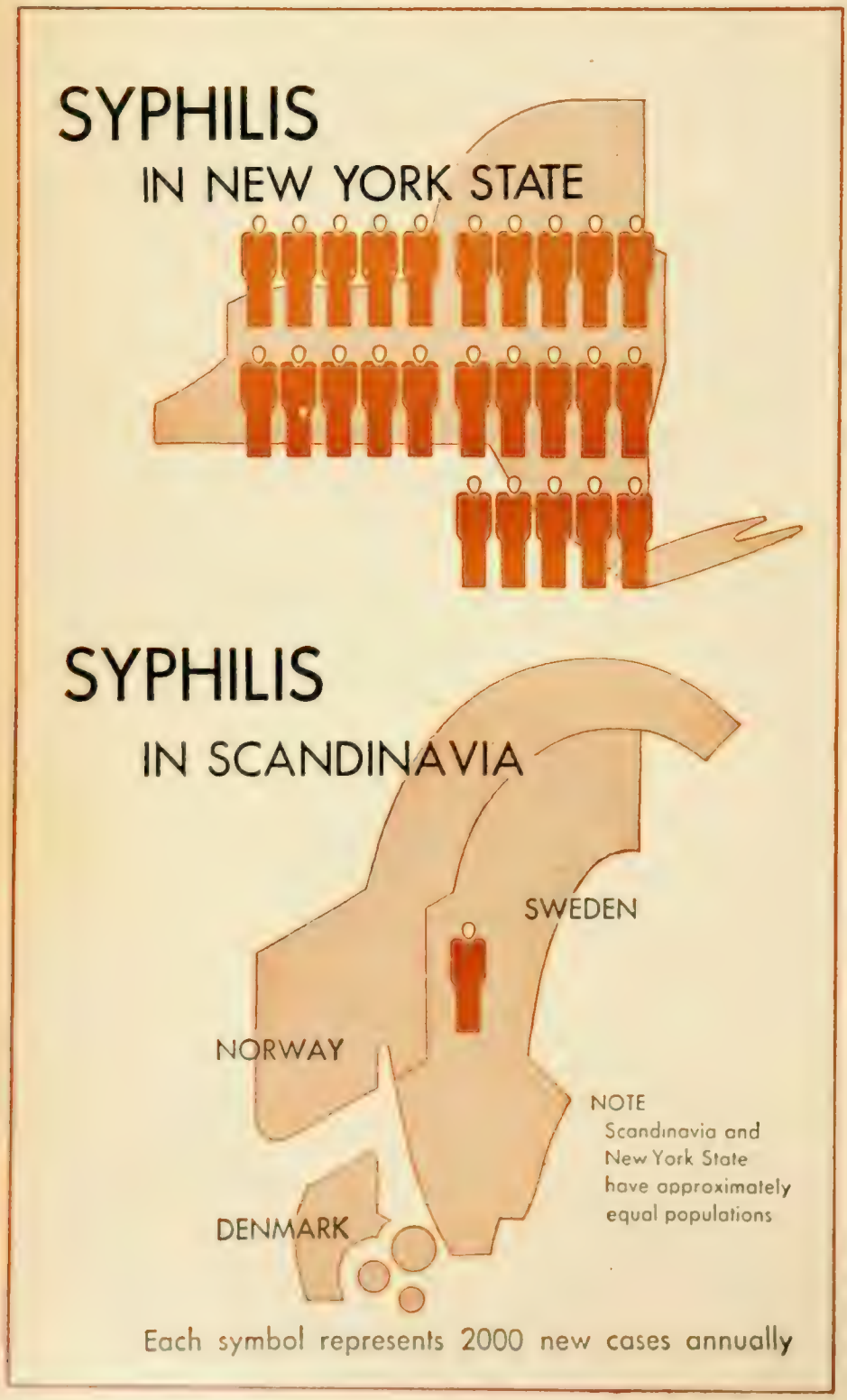
War or no war, come hell or high water, decks must be swabbed.

Alert! The watch has just sighted a suspicious something.

U. S. VS. SYPHILIS

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Using sensational new treatments which appear to cure the disease in a few days, our government wages a war of extermination against syphilis — an enemy as dangerous as Hitler. Here is how you can help



"YOU'RE not worried, are you?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," the girl said, "a little."

"Well, you must stop worrying, because there is nothing to worry about. We'll be ready for you in a minute. And by this time tomorrow . . ."

The girl lying on the bed in the cheerful room of a new hospital in Chicago was a prostitute. She had syphilis.

But twenty-four hours later she no longer had the disease. She had been cured by one more of the miracles of modern medical science. In a few days she walked out into the sunshine, quite cleansed of her contamination.

Since that day the same scene has been played through some hundreds of times in hospitals throughout the land. For the United States government has declared all-out war on syphilis. The campaign is under the direction of the U. S. Public Health Service. Health authorities of the forty-eight states are co-operating completely in one of the greatest medical undertakings of modern times: the quarantine and treatment, enforced if necessary, of all syphilitics health authorities can apprehend. This program follows in the wake of sensational new treatments of syphilis, which appear to cure the disease in a few days.

The time had come when something radical simply had to be done. Everybody knew that there were many cases of this dreadful disease, but it remained for the Selective Service draft to reveal just how many.

In six Southern states, ten out of every 100 men examined for the draft had syphilis. In some counties of those states, twenty out of every 100 men were infected. In eight other states, six out of every 100 were syphilitic.

On top of these discoveries came a report from health authorities showing that in New York City, during 1942, the *increase* of syphilis

among boys and girls of high-school age was 22 per cent.

Some years ago the Scandinavian countries had achieved complete eradication of syphilis within their own borders. Their method of treatment put the victim of the disease under observation and medication for at least eighteen months. That was not an insurmountable obstacle in Denmark and Sweden and Norway, small countries whose inhabitants are nearly all of the same race. But it could not be done in our country. Distances, varying state laws, mixed races, mixed temperaments would open a thousand loopholes for syphilitics to run away from the tedious medication.

ADDING to the problems of treatment is the curious nature of syphilis. Its course through the human body—the actions of the microscopic organisms, called spirochetes, which cause it—always falls into three phases. Primary syphilis, made evident by sores or lesions, is the first phase. In it, the disease is highly contagious, but the symptoms may be rather easily cleared up. Even if no treatment at all is given, the sores will eventually disappear. But the patient who thinks he is cured and stops treatment is cruelly deceiving himself. The spirochetes are merely sleeping.

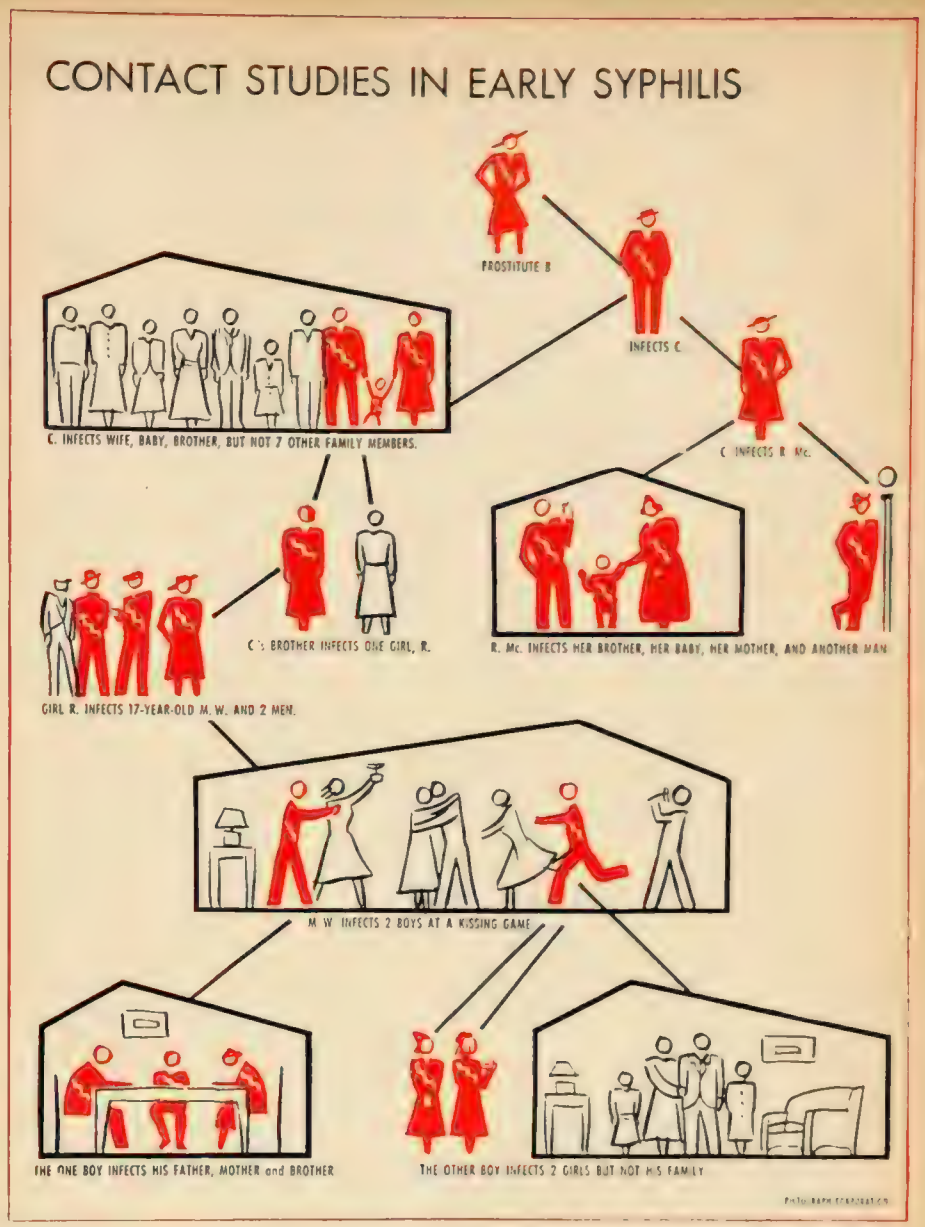
In a few months, or perhaps a year or more, they will produce secondary syphilis: rashes upon the body, falling eyebrows and eyelashes, white spots on the mucous membrane of the mouth and throat. This is the secondary stage—contagious again. But it, too, responds to treatment fairly quickly, and in the majority of cases will eventually clear up even if no treatment is applied.

Again the spirochetes merely doze. Years later, perhaps, they will spring into virulent activity, attacking with savage finality the heart or the veins and arteries, the liver, or the central nervous system.

But few laymen know these facts about the terrible stubbornness of the disease. And so it has always been hard to make patients persist through the whole long course of treatment, particularly the careless, the recalcitrant, the foolishly optimistic.

About two years ago doctors found out that they could get, in a matter of days or even hours, results which seemed identical with the slow cures. "Rapid treatments," they called the new method.

A one-day treatment was perfected at the Kettering Institute by Drs. Simpson, Kendall, and Rose. The patient is placed in an electric cabinet which heats his body to a point of high artificial fever. Fever is the human body's effort to kill germs; and this artificial fever bakes to death most of the spirochetes of syphilis in the body. During the baking a tube is inserted into one of the patient's veins and a drug is sent through it into his blood stream to kill any germs that withstand the heat. This drug is a compound of arsenic called Mapharsen, an improvement over the original Salvarsan, or 606.


CONTACT STUDIES IN EARLY SYPHILIS
PROSTITUTE B
INFECTS C
C. INFECTS WIFE, BABY, BROTHER, BUT NOT 7 OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS.
C INFECTS R. Mc.
C.'s BROTHER INFECTS ONE GIRL, R.
R. Mc. INFECTS HER BROTHER, HER BABY, HER MOTHER, AND ANOTHER MAN
GIRL R. INFECTS 17-YEAR-OLD M. W. AND 2 MEN.
M. W. INFECTS 2 BOYS AT A KISSING GAME
THE ONE BOY INFECTS HIS FATHER, MOTHER and BROTHER
THE OTHER BOY INFECTS 2 GIRLS BUT NOT HIS FAMILY

There is also the five-day treatment which was worked out at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York by Drs. Hyman, Chargin, and Baehr. This is sometimes called the drip method. No heat cabinet is used. The patient lies in bed, and for ten hours a day during five days a solution of Mapharsen is allowed to drip through a hypodermic needle into his blood stream. In every ten-hour period he receives about three quarts of the fluid, which is mostly sugared water.

The third rapid treatment was developed by an officer of the U. S. Public Health Service, Dr. Harry Eagle, in the laboratories and clinic of Johns Hopkins Hospital. It employs a milder procedure: six to eight weeks of dosage, with injections or shots into the blood stream at a correspondingly lower rate.

Careful records were kept of more than 2,000 patients treated by some one of the three methods. The results were amazingly successful. And so the U. S. Public Health Service worked out a plan of action.

THIRTY-SIX quarantine hospitals have been established, or are going to be, all over the country. Additional hospitals will be set up to meet future needs. The first of the new hospitals was set up by the city of Chicago under the direction of Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, one of the country's most distinguished experts in public health and welfare. It was opened last November with an address by Vice-President Wallace. Now throughout the country there are similar hospitals ranging in size from fifty to 400 beds. With the term

of treatment so brief, each bed may have as many as a score of occupants every twelvemonth.

Many sufferers apply to the hospitals voluntarily—who with a grain of understanding of the disease's extremely serious nature would not? But every one of the forty-eight states has laws permitting the seizure and isolation—by force if necessary—of any person suffering from a dangerous communicable disease, and several of the Eastern states were invoking these laws in the case of syphilis. A marked decline in the disease resulted. But the stubborn or recalcitrant could still escape treatment by going to a state where the law was unenforced.

Under the new plan it will do no good to try to run away. *All* the states are now joined in the campaign, and each will use the full power of its laws. There will be at least one of the special quarantine hospitals in each state, completely equipped and staffed under federal supervision, and supported by the national treasury.

Because of its nature and the manner in which it usually is contracted, syphilis is a perplexing and difficult disease to control. Most diseases can be controlled by one of three methods. In diseases like typhoid fever the source and cause can be destroyed. The typhoid germ lives in water. Boil the water, kill the germ, and you have prevented the disease in man. A second method is to immunize the body against the disease. Smallpox and vaccination, lockjaw and serum inoculation are examples of that method. The third is used in diseases inflicted upon man by a carrying link, or agent. Malaria is an example. The germs of this ailment are carried into human bodies by infected mosquitoes. Destroy the mosquitoes, or prevent them from breeding, and the disease is eliminated.

BUT you cannot kill the germ of syphilis by boiling. Nor is there any known inoculation or vaccination to immunize us against it. And the link, the carrying agent, is in the great majority of cases the syphilitic prostitute. Therefore, since the first and all-important aim of the Public Health Service is to protect the *public* health, the well-being of the whole community, the prostitute is the first problem.

In its approach to the control of syphilis as a *communal* danger, the U. S. Public Health Service has been guided by three considerations. First and most important, the external [illegible] or lesions of the patient must be treated, for they are the chief [illegible] others. Second, they must remain healed; primary syphilis must be specifically cured. Third, the patient must be permanently cured, if possible, so that there will be no recurrence of syphilis in its secondary or tertiary stage.

The last consideration, of course, is of more importance to the individual patient than it is to public authorities trying to prevent the spread of the disease. All clinical observations up to this date indicate clearly that the patient undergoing one or another of the rapid treatments is permanently cured. But, obviously, there cannot be absolute certainty about it. Ten or even twenty years must elapse before we can know positively.

All this makes clear the responsibility which falls upon every citizen of the country—upon you and me, as well as the doctors and nurses and public officials.

It would not be an impossible task to round up, isolate, and cure a few hundred thousand syphilitic *professional* prostitutes. Red-light districts can be combed—are being combed at this moment. Stringent laws have been passed to protect the environments of military training posts, and army morale officers are co-operating intelligently. But the huge concentration of young men in uniform has created fringes to the world of professional prostitution.

Girls watching boys march off to battle and to possible death suffer grievous pangs of frustration. Other girls leave home and home restraints, possibly for the first time, to take jobs in the war industries. A great many feel an irresistible urge to do something for the fighting men. The result of it all is an incalculable number of women to whom promiscuity seems justified by the confusions of the world.

The majority are not mercenary at all. But a lot of them become infected with syphilis, which they pass on to others. Since they are not professionals, aware of the dangers of the business, they may very easily have a virulent case of syphilis without knowing what ails them.

I certainly do not propose that all of us must become snoops and tattletales and accusers. But if there should fall within our observation any person wearing the obvious signs of syphilis, it is simple charity to that person and simple duty to the community not to frighten her but to help her get medical care.

The primary badge of syphilis frequently takes the form of the chancre—call it sore, or call it lesion. It may appear on any part of the body, but is often around the mouth. It has a hard scab, raised rather like a button above the level of the skin. Its edges are very sharply defined. And it resists treatment with great persistency.

Most of the other symptoms are beyond the layman's knowledge and should be left to the diagnosis of a physician.

REMEMBER this: Syphilis is now curable without the interminable, irritating treatments which used to be necessary. Hospitals are available—or will be—in every section of the land.

It is possible actually to eradicate syphilis if everybody in the country pitches in to help.

The national plan is under the direction of Dr. R. A. Vonderlehr, Assistant Surgeon General of the United States, an international authority on the control of venereal disease. He has available funds from the federal treasury for the selection of sites and buildings, the training of hospital staffs—nurses and technicians and doctors. He has called in as special medical consultant Professor Udo J. Wile of the University of Michigan, one of our great syphilologists.

The hospitals in every case are as cheerful and homelike as possible. Treatment is free. In no case are patients condemned or looked down upon for their plight. Every patient has the advice and sympathy and instruction of a psychiatrist. This specially trained medical man tries, in each case, to locate and straighten out whatever moral, spiritual, and temperamental quirks may exist. He gives assurance—and backs it up—that the patient may make a fresh start.

For industrial plants in the neighborhood of the hospitals are giving full co-operation in the restoration

(*Continued on page 52*)

Next Week

Liberty presents a condensation to one evening's reading time of

THE DAY MUST DAWN

A romance of pioneer life in western Pennsylvania

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

It is a story of courage and hardships, of men who worked and fought and of women who wept and waited, of a mother's ambition for her daughter and a girl's and a boy's awakening to love.

The EMPEROR'S SNUFF-BOX

By

JOHN DICKSON CARR

Among mysteries of the year, this smooth baffler was sure to take a top place. "Expert" was the word wise critics used—

—Because, from the moment Eve discovers Ned Atwood in her bedroom until she is cleared of the murder that took place in sight of her windows, only fifty feet away, you'll be caught up with a story that won't let you go until you finish it.

A Liberty BOOK

A BEST SELLING MYSTERY ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING

WHEN Eve Neill divorced Ned Atwood, the suit was not contested. And, even though the charge was infidelity with a famous woman tennis player, it created far less scandal than Eve had expected.

For one thing, they had been married in Paris, and only a line or two found its way into the English press. They had made their home at La Bandelette—"the fillet," that strip of silver beach which in those days of peace was perhaps the most fashionable watering place in France—and few ties with London still remained. A comment here, a laugh there, and the matter seemed closed.

Eve at this time was twenty-eight. At nineteen she had inherited the fortune of a Lancashire father. At twenty-five she married Ned Atwood because *(a)* he was good-looking, *(b)* she was lonely, and *(c)* he quite seriously threatened suicide if she refused him.

For a person of rather muddled good-nature and a complete lack of suspicion, Eve resembled the most sinister of heartbreakers. She was slender; she was rather tall; she had a figure which Lebec of the Place Vendôme tricked out into that of Circe. She had light chestnut hair, long and heavy as fleece, done into a style vaguely Edwardian. Her pink-and-white complexion, her gray eyes and half-smiling mouth added to the illusion. On Frenchmen her effect was especially pronounced. Even the presiding judge who granted her the divorce seemed to have some suspicion.

In France, the law rules that before a divorce can be granted the two parties must meet—face to face, in a private interview—as a last effort to see whether their differences may not be adjusted. Eve never forgot that morning in the judge's chambers at Versailles.

You would have sworn that butter wouldn't melt in Ned's mouth. His famous charm animated the sunny

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room. His expression of hurt and appealing penitence inspired confidence. Light-haired and blue-eyed, eternally youthful, though past his middle thirties, Eve could admit that he was damnably, entanglingly attractive, and it had got him into all his troubles.

"Is there anything," the judge said, "that I can say to persuade madame and monsieur to reflect?"

"You don't have to persuade me," Ned said huskily. "*I* never wanted this divorce."

He walked toward Eve, while the judge stroked his whiskers and looked hopeful. Eve wondered, with a flick of fear, whether she would ever be free of him.

"You're not holding a little affair against me, surely?" he said.

"Ned, let's not argue about it. I told you it didn't matter."

"Then why are you being so unfair to me?"

He put his hand over hers, gripped it. She suddenly wondered whether he meant to force her back to him.

Cruelty would have been grounds for divorce. But the charge of adultery was quick and conclusive. It was enough. There were things in her home life with Ned which Eve would have died rather than admit in court.

"Eve," said Ned, "*will* you give me another chance?"

A tame psychologist at a party once told Eve that she was more susceptible than most persons to the power of suggestion. But she was not quite susceptible enough for this. "I'm sorry," she said, and got up.

For a second she had been afraid he would smash something. But he stood looking steadily at her, jingling coins in his pocket.

"You're still in love with me, you know," he stated. "And, what's more, I'm going to prove it to you. Oh, not now! You must have time to cool down—or warm up. I'm going abroad for a while. But when I come back . . ."

He did not come back.

Determined to outface the neighbors, but living in fear of what they might be saying, Eve settled down at La Bandelette. She need not have worried. Over watering places like La Bandelette—which lived for its brief social season—reigned a vacuum of curiosity. Eve Neill knew nobody in the Rue des Anges and nobody knew her. Not until she met Toby Lawes.

The Lawes family lived, rather disconcertingly, just opposite her in the Rue des Anges. Several times during her life here with Ned, Eve had vaguely noticed the people across the street. There was an elderly man—he turned out to be Sir Maurice Lawes, Toby's father—who had once or twice looked very hard at them, as though perplexed. There was a red-haired girl, and a cheerful elderly woman. But Eve had never seen Toby himself until that morning on the golf course.

He was a strong, homely, rather starchy young man, with the pleasantest expression Eve had seen in a long time. His thick brown hair was cut close to his head. His small mustache gave him a vaguely man-of-the-world air which was contradicted by the lofty seriousness of his bearing.

He stood and stared at Eve. Everything about him was correct, except perhaps the rush of color to his face.

They finished the round together. As early as the following afternoon Toby Lawes was announcing that he had met a wonderful woman who had been married to a swine but was bearing up in a way that would rouse the admiration of anybody.

Eve, who thought she knew her world, imagined she could tell how this would affect the Lawes family.

She was therefore astounded at what happened. They simply accepted her. She was invited to tea. Before either side had said ten words, both sides knew that it was all right and that it was going to be a friendship.

Helena Lawes, Toby's mother, frankly liked Eve. The red-haired Janice, twenty-three years old, admired her beauty almost to the extent of a crush. Uncle Ben, though he smoked his pipe and said little, invariably sided with her in an argument. Sir Maurice often asked her opinion about some article in his collection.

TOBY was a very good, very conscientious young man. If there was sometimes about him a vague suggestion of the stuffed shirt, his sense of humor redeemed it.

"After all, I've got to be cautious," he pointed out. "London banks don't encourage racketing. And Hookson's is one of the oldest banks in England. They've been at that place by Temple Bar ever since they were goldsmiths. In his collection dad's got one of the little gold figures they used to use as an emblem."

Sir Maurice Lawes' hobby, his collection, was housed in his study, up on the first floor, a largish room overlooking the street. He usually sat up late over it. From her own bedroom window across the narrow street Eve and Ned Atwood had once or twice looked across, in the bad old days, and seen the study with undrawn curtains, the old man holding a magnifying glass, the kindly face that stuck in her memory, and the glass-fronted cabinets along the walls.

No reference to those days was ever made now. So far as the Lawes family were concerned, Ned might never have existed. Sir Maurice, indeed, once began to touch on the subject in a veiled way; but he hesitated and drifted away from it, after a curious glance Eve could not understand.

Eve never realized how much she had come to count on Toby; how much she cried out for stability. You could lean on Toby. If he sometimes treated her a little too much like a figure in a stained-glass window, this roused in her—paradoxically—a new tenderness. And then toward the end of July he proposed marriage.

"I know I'm not worthy of you," he said; "but I love you very much and I think I could make you happy. If"—he hesitated—"if you could give me a sort of business man's idea of whether the answer might be yes or no . . ."

Eve held out her hands.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes, yes!"

For fully ten seconds Toby did not say anything. He put his hands over hers, but delicately, as though touching stained glass. The reverence of his look surprised and

rather disturbed her. It occurred to her to wonder whether Toby Lawes knew *anything* about women.

On the last day of July their engagement was announced.

A fortnight later Ned Atwood heard about it in the bar of the Plaza in New York, and went out and booked passage to sail by the Normandie two days afterward.

And so, all unsuspected by any of these three, black tragedy was gathering.

IT WAS a quarter to one in the morning when Ned Atwood turned off the Boulevard du Casino into the Rue des Anges.

The Villa Miramar, where Eve lived, was halfway down on the left-hand side. As he approached, Ned instinctively glanced across the street at the house opposite.

He saw what he expected to see. Ground floor dark. Floor above, dark except for the two glowing windows of Sir Maurice Lawes' study. The steel shutters were folded back from these windows; the curtains had not been drawn against the hot night.

Though he could hardly be afraid the old man would hear him, and had no reason to give a curse anyway, still he walked softly. His key to the front door, retained from those old days, he fitted into the lock.

Was Eve awake or asleep? The absence of lights at the Villa Miramar meant nothing. It had always been Eve's habit to keep every window sealed up with curtains after nightfall.

But the downstairs hall was dark. He groped across to the staircase, and tiptoed up. It was tall and steep, and its thick carpet was fastened by old-fashioned brass stair rods. How many times he had gone up those stairs in the dark! One stair rod, he remembered—near the top, not far from Eve's bedroom door—was loose.

Eve was still awake. He could see a thin line of light under the door of her bedroom at the front. In his preoccupation with that light he forgot all about the loose stair rod; he fell flat over it.

"Hell!" he said aloud.

In her bedroom Eve Neill heard that noise and knew who it was.

She was sitting before the mirror of the dressing table, brushing her hair with slow steady sweeps. She was wearing white silk pajamas and white satin mules.

Ned, though cold sober, was almost crying.

"Look here," he began, before the door had fully opened, "you can't *do* it!"

"I thought it was you," she said quietly. "Have you gone completely out of your mind?"

"I love you," said Ned, and spread out his hands.

"You swore to me you'd lost that key. So you lied to me again?"

"This is no time for arguing trivialities," said Ned. "Are you really going to marry this fellow"—he spat out the word—"Lawes?"

"Yes."

Both of them instinctively glanced toward the two closely curtained windows overlooking the street. Both of them, it appeared, had the same thought.

"Across the street . . ." she began.

"I know, I know!"

"You know what?" asked Eve.

"The old man, Sir Maurice Lawes, sits up every night," answered Ned, "over his collection, or whatever it is. From those windows you can see straight into this room here. They're very holy, aren't they—the Lawes family? If the old man knew you were entertaining an obviously welcome guest at one o'clock in the morning . . ."

Eve started to get up, but sat down again.

"Don't worry," Ned added harshly. "I'm not quite such a swine as you think I am."

"Then will you *please* get out of here?"

His tone grew desperate.

"All I want to know," he insisted, "is *why*? Why are you marrying this bloke? It can't be money. You've got more of that than you can possibly need. No, my sugar-candy witch, it's not money. On the contrary. Why do you think the old goat over there is so anxious to marry his son to you? It's your money, my darling. And, so help me, that's all it is."

"And I suppose," she blazed at him, "*you* know the Lawes family?"

"I don't know them, no. But I've picked up all the information I could about them. And the key to the whole business . . ."

"While we're on the subject," said Eve, "suppose you give me back the key to this house."

"You're coming back to me," he said. "You used to be a human being. Now you're all hoity-toity and God knows what. You can't tell me you're in love with this Toby Lawes. Everybody says he's a moron and a stuffed shirt. He's not your sort. For better or worse, I am."

Eve shuddered.

"Now, what the devil," shouted Ned, addressing a mirror, "can you do with a woman like this? Your sex appeal, especially in those pajamas, would make an anchorite forget himself. And I'm no anchorite."

"Don't you dare come near me!"

"I feel," said Ned, with sudden despondency, "like a villain in a melodrama, with the heroine cringing in front of me, afraid to call out in case . . ." He nodded toward the window. "You don't think the old goat across the road can hear anything, do you?"

"Ned, what are you doing? *Come back from that window!*"

Belatedly Eve remembered the light over the dressing table. She groped above her head and switched it off, plunging the room into darkness.

"Is Maurice Lawes still up? Is he?" she demanded as Ned pulled back a corner of the heavy curtains.

"Yes, he's still up. But he's not paying any attention. He's got a magnifying glass, and he's looking at some kind of snuff-box thing. Hold on!"

"What is it?"

"There's somebody with him, but I can't see who it is."

"Toby, probably. Ned Atwood, *will* you come away from that window?"

This was the point at which they both became conscious that the light was out.

As Ned dropped the lace netting and drew the curtains, the room seemed overpoweringly hot. Eve groped for the switch of the hanging lamp—and failed to find it. She backed away from the dressing-table stool and blundered across the room away from him.

"Eve, listen . . ."

"This is getting rather ridiculous. Will you turn on the light, please?"

THE situation had become a nightmare. And the one solution which would never have occurred to her was to call for help.

Eve Neill, quite simply, had got used to the idea that nobody ever believed *her* version of any incident like this. She was almost as much afraid of the servants' knowing as of having it known to the Lawes family. Servants gossiped. The new maid Yvette, for instance . . .

"Give me one good reason," Ned said coolly, "why you're marrying this fellow Lawes."

"For heaven's sake, go away. I haven't got to explain my actions to you. Not any longer. Do you think you have any claim on me?"

"Yes. I'm coming over there to show you."

In the dark, as clearly as though he could see her, he knew what she was doing. By the rushing sound he could tell that she had caught up the heavy lace negligee that lay across the foot of the bed. She had struggled into it by the time he reached her.

She struck out at him fiercely but clumsily.

"Let go! You're hurting me! Can't you *please* have the ordinary decency to . . ."

By this time it must have been apparent, even to Ned's befuddled wits, that this was not coquetry but real resistance. But, with his arms round Eve, he had now completely lost his head.

And it was at this point, shatteringly, that the telephone rang. As Ned seized Eve's wrist to prevent her from taking it, the phone bumped off its cradle hook as the

base slid and fell with a thump on the table. In the silence they heard a voice—Toby Lawes' voice:

"Hello? Eve?"

As Eve groped after the sliding phone her hard breathing slowed down. "Yes? Is that you, Toby?"

"Sorry to wake you up in the middle of the night," he said, "but I couldn't sleep. I had to ring you. Do you mind?"

Ned Atwood blundered across and switched on the light over the dressing table. He started to grin. But something quickly wiped the amusement off his face.

"Toby darling!" Eve breathed.

There could be no mistaking it. It was the tone of a woman who is in love, or thinks she is.

"You didn't mind my ringing up?" Toby demanded. "I kept on thinking about how lovely you are, so I had to talk to you."

"Toby darling!"

"I mean it," Toby assured her seriously. "Er—did you like the play we saw tonight?"

"Toby, I did so enjoy it! I'm very fond of Shaw."

"I thought parts of the play were rather broad, though." Toby sounded troubled. "You weren't shocked, were you? I may be a bit old-fashioned—"

"I wasn't shocked, Toby dear."

"Well," temporized Mr. Lawes. You could imagine him fidgeting at the other end of the phone. "Remember, we're going picnicking tomorrow. It ought to be glorious weather. Oh, and by the way, the old man got a new trinket for his collection tonight. He's as pleased as Punch. But I mustn't keep you out of bed any longer. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Toby. You don't know, you'll never be able to guess, how glad I've been to hear from you!"

She replaced the phone, and then there was silence.

Ned was the first to break it.

"What do you know about this Lawes family, really?"

"What did I know about you before we were married? What have I ever learned since about your life before you met me, if it comes to that? Except that you're selfish . . ."

"Eve, dear, we were talking about the Lawes family. What have you fallen for? Their respectability?"

"That's unworthy of your cleverness, Ned. You see, I like them. They're friendly people. They do the right thing, and yet they're not stodgy. They're so"—she searched her mind—"so *sane*."

"And Papa Lawes likes your bank account. Eve, I'm not going to let you make a mistake. I learned something at the Donjon today. Papa Lawes, they say, is rather deaf. Still, if I whipped back the curtains and shouted out to ask how he's getting on . . ."

"You couldn't play a filthy trick like that!" she cried. "I'd rather die than have anybody know you were here tonight."

"*Would* you, by gum?" he said. And he turned round and walked rapidly toward the windows.

Afterward she could never remember whether or not she had screamed at him. She groped for the switch of the hanging lamp, found it, swayed on her feet, and could have cried out with relief when the room went dark.

Ned was looking straight across the street—not fifty feet away—into the lighted windows of Sir Maurice Lawes' study. But the study inside did not look as it had looked only a few minutes ago.

"Ned!" said Eve in a voice of rising terror. "Ned! *What is it?*"

He pointed. The two windows allowed a view of nearly all the room. A bookcase or two interrupted the line of the curio cabinets. When Ned had last looked across there, only the desk lamp had been burning. Now the blaze of the central chandelier picked out that sight with a horrible clarity.

Through the left-hand window they could see Sir Maurice Lawes' big flat-topped table-desk against the left-hand wall. And at the back of the study they could see the door leading to the upstairs hall.

Some one, as they watched, was softly closing that door.

Eve had arrived just too late to catch a glimpse of a face which was to haunt her afterward. But Ned saw it.

Hidden by the closing door, somebody stretched out a hand—it seemed a small hand at that distance—in a brownish-colored glove. This hand touched the light switch at one side of the door, extinguishing the central lights. Then the tall white door, with its metal handle instead of a knob, was gently closed.

Now only the desk lamp shed a dim light down on the big flat-topped table-desk. Sir Maurice Lawes, whom they could see in profile, sat in his usual swivel-chair. But he was not now holding a magnifying glass; and he would never hold one again.

THE magnifying glass lay on the desk blotter. Over the table were scattered fragments of something that had been smashed there.

Sir Maurice's head had been beaten in. His chin was on his breast; his limp hands hung down. Blood, descending like a painted mask across his face, made a kind of cap for that motionless head.

What Eve could not endure was the sight of the lamplight shining on the blood. She dodged back beside the window, and would not look any longer.

Of these two, you would have said that the man was more astounded than the woman. But this was only natural. For he had seen something which she had not seen. He had seen the face of Brown Gloves. He continued to peer across at the lighted room.

"Such a sane household," he said then. "Such a sane household, I think you said."

The lump in Eve's throat felt as though it would choke her. "Are you telling me you *saw* who it was?"

"I didn't see the dirty work actually done, no."

"What *did* you see?"

"Brown Gloves hanging up the poker in the stand after the business was finished."

In the lighted study across the street once more the door opened. But this time there was no furtiveness about it. In the aperture appeared no more formidable a figure than that of Helena, Lady Lawes.

Helena was a middle-sized stoutish woman with silver-gray bobbed hair. She cradled round her a brilliant Oriental kimono as she padded forward to speak to her husband, whose back was turned toward her. Being shortsighted, she did not stop until she had almost reached him. It was therefore all the more unnerving when she backed away and began to scream.

"Ned, you've got to go. Hurry!" Eve seized his arm. "Helena will come after *me!* She always does. And then there's the police. They'll be swarming all over here in half a minute. You'll have to find your own way down in the dark. I daren't turn on a light now."

"Why not?"

"Yvette! My new maid!"

A picture of Yvette, elderly, capable, slow-moving yet deft, rose in her mind. Though Yvette never spoke an unnecessary word, her every movement seemed a comment of some kind. Even for Toby Lawes she had a peculiar attitude which Eve could not understand. To Eve, Yvette symbolized the world which talked and talked and talked and talked. Suddenly she thought what might happen if she were forced to go into the witness box in open court and say: "At the time Sir Maurice Lawes was murdered, there was a man in my room. But, of course, it was perfectly innocent."

Of course, of course, of course: a giggle, and then laughter breaking like rockets. Aloud she said:

"Yvette sleeps on the floor above. She's sure to wake up. Those screams are going to wake up the whole street."

Still Ned didn't budge. Eve could have screamed herself. For a quick glance out the window showed her that Helena Lawes had now been joined by Janice and Uncle Ben.

"Steady!" Ned urged. "Don't worry. They won't see me. I'll slip out the back way."

"Before you go, give me back that key."

A second later she almost wished she hadn't asked for it. It seemed to take an incredible time for him to detach the key from the ring. Then, as he gave it to her, she dropped it for safekeeping into the breast pocket of her pajamas, and impelled him toward the door.

BUT there was one question Eve had to ask. All her life she had been trying to avoid unpleasant things. But this time it could not be avoided. It suggested possibilities which might touch her life too closely. She thought of the big clock in the tower of the town hall, which housed the prefecture of police. She thought of M. Goron, the prefect. She thought of a gray morning and a chopping guillotine.

"Ned. It *was* a burglar, wasn't it?" she asked as they stepped into the hall.

"No, old girl. You know it wasn't."

The steep curving staircase below them was a pit of darkness. Ned put his hand on the banister rail.

"I've been trying to decide whether I ought to tell you, or oughtn't to. You see—it's just occurred to me that this situation isn't new."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't you remember? The story was started nearly a hundred years ago, at the time Lord William Somebody was murdered by his valet. The murder was supposed to have been witnessed by a man standing at the window of the house opposite. Only, he couldn't speak out and denounce the murderer, because *he* was in the bedroom of a married woman where he had no business to be.

"Of course the story's a myth. But it's been handed down, because people got all excited about the predicament of a sedate Victorian couple who'd been up to funny business and yet couldn't admit it. I *always* thought it was a kind of comic situation—until now."

"Ned, who did it? Who killed him?" Eve insisted.

She seized his arm, but he shook off her hand and took a step down. He was walking backward, his left hand on the banister rail. His face, a whitish blur, seemed to recede away from her into mist.

"Are you trying to torture me?"

He spoke very quietly. "On the contrary, I'm trying to keep you wrapped in cotton wool. That's where you belong. But, by the Lord Harry!—for a gal of your age and presumed experience, you've got more dewy-eyed illusions than anybody I ever did see! All right. You may as well hear about it sooner or later."

"Hurry, please!"

"The first time we looked across there . . . remember? I said I thought there was somebody with the old man. But I couldn't tell who it was. But the second time, when the lights were on . . ."

Eve had taken one step down the stairs after him. She did not mean to reach out and give him a violent shove. It was the sudden shrilling of the police whistle that did the damage. Her hands were on his shoulders, and she pushed.

He did not even have time to cry out. He was balanced precariously, his back to the stair well, his heel over the edge of the tread, and his left hand resting lightly on the banister rail. He lost his grip, staggered, and fell.

TO Eve there seemed scarcely a break between the time he fell and the time she was bending over him, panting, at the foot of the stairs. Struggling to help him up, she touched his face and ran her hands across his hair; and her hands recoiled from the wet stickiness of blood.

"You're hurt!"

"Nonsense! Bit shaken up, that's all. Feel funny, though. Shoulder feels funny. Cripes, what a tumble. Look here, why did you push me?"

"There's blood on your face! Have you got a match? Or a lighter? Strike it!"

There was a slight pause. "Blood's from my nose. I can feel it. Queer. Didn't seem to hit my nose . . ."

The tiny flame of his lighter sprang up. Taking it out of his hand, she held it high to look at him. There seemed to be nothing wrong with him, though his hair was rumpled and his coat dusty. His nose had been bleeding. Eve felt a twitch of repulsion at the blood on her own hand.

"Are you *sure* you're all right?"

"I'm perfectly fit, thanks." He snatched the lighter out of her hand and extinguished it.

"And, now that you've tried to murder me, will you for the love of heaven let me out of here?"

In silence they crept out through the dark villa to the back door in the kitchen. Eve unfastened its spring lock. From here, a few stone steps led up into a little rustic garden surrounded by a high stone wall.

From the front she could hear a babble of voices in the street which indicated that the police had arrived.

She spoke close to his ear, in a fierce whisper. "Ned, wait. You were going to tell me who . . ."

"Good night," said Mr. Atwood courteously.

He bent forward, and in a perfunctory and absent-minded manner kissed her on the lips. Again she felt a faint splash of blood. He turned round, ascended the steps with a slight stagger, but walked steadily across the yard to the gate.

Eve drew a deep breath. She crept back down the stairs again. She put out her hand to the door, and stopped dead. The door had swung shut. Its spring lock was now fastened on the inside.

How could the door have blown shut? There was not a breath of wind. Nothing moved or stirred under the clear stars.

That didn't matter now. What she must decide now was how to get back in again. At any moment the police might come nosing and find her.

Bang on the door?

And arouse Yvette? She was terrified of Yvette, though she could not in the least understand why. But how to get in? The ground-floor windows, each night, were locked and shuttered on the inside.

Suddenly she remembered the key she had thrust into her pajamas pocket. One side of her mind cried: The street's full of policemen! You can't go round to the front! The other side whispered that, after all, there was the stone wall of the villa itself to shield her from being seen from the street.

It was some time before Eve could make up her mind. Finally she essayed it at a run.

They *were* looking for her. Toby, wearing a long raincoat over pajamas and shoes, had crossed the street and was just putting his hand on the gate of the Villa Miramar when a police agent stopped him.

"I go only to the house of Mme. Neill," Toby shouted in bad French. "Here!" He thumped the gate.

"No, monsieur. It is not permitted. You will return, please. Quick, quick, quick!"

"But, I tell you—!"

"Return, please. No stupidities, if you please!"

Toby made a gesture of weary exasperation. "Would there be any objection if I telephoned to her?"

"My orders, monsieur," replied the law, after a slight pause, "do not include telephones."

Eve knew that she must beat Toby to the phone and be there when it rang. Her heart ached in a new queer way. She felt that she would do anything rather than let Toby learn about this messy interlude tonight.

The policeman, after opening the gate and sticking his head inside, seemed satisfied. Eve heard his footsteps cross the street. The door of the house opposite closed with a slam. She ducked her head and ran for her own front door.

In a vague way it occurred to her that her negligee was flying; that the waistband had come loose. She paid no attention. Only a few running steps separated her from the front door. But even putting the key in the lock seemed to take an eternity.

Then, as she came inside, the telephone commenced to ring upstairs.

She needn't fear that now. Everything, she told herself, would come out right. She rushed upstairs to answer the telephone.

IT WAS just a week later that M. Aristide Goron, the prefect of police, sat on the terrace of the Donjon Hotel with his friend Dr. Dermot Kinross, probably England's foremost specialist in criminal psychology.

"We have arranged," Goron confided, "to arrest Mme. Eve Neill for the murder of Sir Maurice Lawes."

"And yet"—Dermot Kinross gave him a shrewd glance—"you are not satisfied."

M. Goron's eyes narrowed. "That is clever of you. In candor: no. I am not *altogether* satisfied. Therefore I have a favor to ask of you."

It would have been difficult to say wherein lay Dr. Kinross' air of distinction. His was a weather-beaten face, a little lined by study, with absent-minded dark eyes. Humor you saw there, and wisdom without flippancy; but strength you never saw until it was needed.

"Now here, you would have said, was a perfect match." The prefect of police lowered his voice. "I mean Mme. Eve Neill and Monsieur—they call him Tobee, but his name is Horatio—Lawes. An ideal match, with money in it. Almost a grand passion."

"There is no such thing," observed Dermot Kinross, "as a grand passion. Nature has arranged that if A had never met B he would have been just as happy with C."

M. Goron regarded him with polite skepticism.

"You believe that, doctor?"

"I know it as a scientific fact."

"Then I take it," said M. Goron, remaining politely skeptical, "that you have never met Mme. Neill?"

"No," smiled Dermot. "But my failure to meet a certain lady can hardly be said to alter a scientific fact."

"Ah, well!" sighed M. Goron, and got down to business. "One week ago tonight the household at the Villa Bonheur in the Rue des Anges consisted of Sir Maurice Lawes, his lady, his daughter Janice, his son—M. Horatio—and his brother-in-law, M. Benjamin Phillips.

"At eight o'clock Mme. Neill and all the Lawes family, except Sir Maurice, departed for the theater. Sir Maurice refused to go. He had seemed in a very queer temper—mark that!—ever since his return from his usual afternoon walk. But this temper changed. At half past eight he was rung up on the telephone by his friend, M. Veille, the art dealer of the Rue de la Harpe. M. Veille reported that he had acquired a jewel, a treasure, a stunning addition for Sir Maurice's collection. M. Veille suggested that he should bring this marvel to the Villa Bonheur for Sir Maurice's immediate inspection. And this he did."

"And the nature of this treasure?" Dermot asked.

"It was a snuff-box said to have belonged to the Emperor Napoleon himself. When M. Veille later told me the price of this article, I could not believe him. Sacred name! What people will pay for fads!

"It was made of transparent rose agate, bound with gold and set in small diamonds. Of curious shape, as you shall see. Incidentally, it is still unpaid for and M. Veille is having fits and I don't blame him.

"On the same night Mme. Neill, as I told you, went to the theater with the rest of the Lawes family. The piece they saw was an English play called Mrs. Varren's Profession. They returned home about eleven o'clock, and there they separated. Young M. Horatio Lawes escorts her to her door, and the Lawes family return to their villa. There they are greeted by Sir Maurice, who comes rushing downstairs to show them this treasure in a little green-and-gold case. They display—with the exception of Miss Janice, who says it is beautiful—a singular lack of enthusiasm. Lady Lawes declares it is a sinful waste of money. Sir Maurice, in something of a huff, says he will retire to his study. The rest of them go to bed.

"But two of them, observe, are unable to sleep. M. Horatio, this Tobee, admits he must rise up at one o'clock in the morning and telephone to Mme. Neill. *Alors!* He goes downstairs to telephone, returns, and goes to bed. The house is dark. He hears no sound. He sees a light under the door of his father's study, but does not disturb Sir Maurice.

"At the same time Lady Lawes herself cannot sleep. At a quarter past one *she* rises. She goes to her husband's study. Ostensibly to beg him to come to bed; but really, as she confesses, to preach a mild sermon about people who buy such expensive bits of rose agate."

M. GORON'S voice raised and sharpened like an actor's.

"Finish!" he said, suddenly snapping his fingers. "She finds him sitting dead at his desk. His head has been beaten in by nine blows from a poker which now hangs in a stand of fire irons across the room. He has been sitting with his back to the room, writing a description of the snuff-box which we find on a writing pad before him. But more! One of the blows has landed on the agate snuff-box and smashed it to bits."

Dermot whistled.

"It is not enough," said M. Goron, "to take the old man's life. His treasure must be destroyed as well. This crime is brutal. It is senseless. On the surface, it is almost the work of a madman . . ."

"Nonsense," said Dermot with slight irritation. "On the contrary, it is absolutely characteristic."

"*Characteristic?*"

"Of its type, yes. Forgive my interrupting. Go on."

"Nothing is stolen. There are no signs of burglarious entry. This crime has been committed by some one who knows the house, knows that a poker hangs by the fireplace, even knows that the old man is slightly deaf so that he may be approached unheard from behind.

"Immediately after the crime was discovered, M. Horatio made determined efforts to see Mme. Neill. He was stopped by the policeman in charge, who properly told him he must not leave the house until the commissaire of police had arrived.

"The commissaire arrives. Good! He questions the Lawes family. Good! They ask if they may see Mme. Neill. The commissaire offers to send a man across the street to fetch her. By good luck, he carries a light, and as he goes up the path, just outside the front door of Mme. Neill's villa he finds a pink satin band or belt, such as women wear round dressing gowns or negligees. And it is slightly stained with blood.

"The agent rings the doorbell. Presently it is answered by two frightened women, Yvette Latour, madame's per-

sonal maid, and Célestine Bouchère, the cook. Yvette tells how she is waked up by much noise. She goes out of her room, and sees Mme. Neill creeping back into the house. Alarmed, she wakes up the cook. They creep down and peep into Mme. Neill's bedroom. Beyond, in the bathroom, they see Mme. Neill, much tousled and breathing from hard exertion, engaged in washing blood from her hands and face, and attempting to sponge out smaller blood spots from a white lace negligee whose waistband is missing."

"And then?" Dermot prompted.

"Well! Our agent swears the two servants to absolute silence. He goes upstairs boldly and knocks at Mme. Neill's bedroom door."

"She was in bed?"

"On the contrary, she was dressing herself in outdoor clothes. She explained that M. Horatio Lawes had awakened her with a telephone call—to tell her of the tragedy.

"But, dear doctor! *Parbleu!* What acting! How she is shocked to tears by the death of Sir Maurice Lawes! And the white negligee hangs up in the wardrobe, and in the bathroom there is still steam on the mirrors from her efforts to wash away the old man's blood."

"What about your policeman? What did he do?"

"He made an excuse to lag behind in order to take possession, in secret, of the negligee. Yvette, the maid, was enjoined to say that it had been sent to the cleaner's when madame next asked for it. But the blood spots are not the most interesting thing about that negligee."

"No?"

"No," said M. Goron, and drummed on the table. "Yvette Latour finds, clinging to the lace, a small sliver of rose agate."

His pause was one of deep and regretful finality.

"A week of patient reconstruction has enabled us to fit that sliver exactly into its place in the shattered snuff-box. It was a chip which flew wide from the box when Mme. Eve Neill took a poker and beat the old man to death."

"What explanation," Dermot inquired, "has Mme. Neill for all this?"

"In this country, doctor"—M. Goron spoke with dignity—"we do not consider it good sense to show our cards until the game is complete. She will be asked for explanations. But that will come after the arrest, when she is confronted with the examining magistrate."

"Are you sure," Dermot asked, "that no word of your evidence against Mme. Neill has leaked out?"

"Very sure, monsieur. But one thing I can tell you. This Lawes family have been magnificent! It is impossible to admire them too much. They are nearly out of their minds. Yet they answer all our questions. They are tirelessly kind to Mme. Neill—"

"And why shouldn't they be? Do they suspect her of the murder?"

"Sacred name, no!"

"How do *they* account for the murder, then?"

M. Goron waved his hands. "How can they account for it? A burglar! A maniac!"

"Yet nothing was stolen?"

"Nothing," M. Goron conceded, "was stolen. But in a glass case to the left of the door in the old man's study was another treasure of his collection. This was a valuable diamond-and-turquoise necklace, also with a historical pedigree. The necklace, slightly bloodstained, was found flung down in a heap under the curio cabinet afterward. A maniac!"

"A convenient term," Dermot said, "'maniac.' How was this alleged burgling maniac supposed to have got into the house?"

"That, fortunately," said M. Goron, "is a point which has not yet occurred to the family."

"If it comes to that, how did Mme. Neill get in?"

M. Goron sighed. "I fear," he said, "that it is the final proof. Four of the villas in the Rue des Anges were put up by the same building company. The keys of one will fit the doors of all the others.

"In the breast pocket of Mme. Neill's pajamas," he went on, "the invaluable Yvette Latour discovered a key to the front door of her own villa. Now, come! A key to one's *own* villa, carried in the *pajamas?* For what purpose? Can you think of any reasonable explanation—any innocent explanation? It constitutes the final contributing proof that she visited the Villa Bonheur on the night of the murder."

They had got her. No doubt about that.

"Still . . . the woman's motive?" Dermot persisted.

And M. Goron told him.

Dermot got up to throw the stump of his cigarette over the stone balustrade by which they had been sitting.

The terrace was raised perhaps two or three feet above the level of the ground below, a graveled court dotted with little tables like those of the terrace. At a table close against the balustrade, her head about on a level with their feet, sat a girl.

She was a pretty girl of twenty-two or -three. She had light red hair. How long she had been sitting there, he could not guess. An untasted cocktail stood in front of her.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet. She threw a five-franc piece on the table; then she turned and ran out into the street. Dermot stood staring after her, remembering the expression of her eyes.

M. Goron spoke softly. "Curse and condemn to the eternal fires all conversations in public places! That was Miss Janice Lawes."

"NONSENSE, my dear Janice," soothed Helena. "You're hysterical."

"I'm not hysterical," returned Janice in a low, rapid voice. "They're coming to arrest Eve!"

This couldn't be happening, Eve thought to herself. It was the one possibility she had never even dreamed of. Accusing *her* of murder! It should have been funny, if it hadn't taken her like a blow under the heart. But that incredible part about a "piece of the snuff-box" sticking to her wasn't funny at all.

She could prove she hadn't murdered anybody. But to explain about Ned . . .

"Tell me," she said, trying to reach firm ground. "Do

you honestly think that I, of all people, would ever want to . . . well, *hurt* . . . him, of all people?"

"Eve," Janice said quietly, "what kind of a life were you leading before you met Toby?"

It was the first personal question of any kind that had ever been asked her in this house.

"Don't think I'm blaming you for it!" Janice raced on. "I rather admire you for it, really. I'm only talking about it now because the prefect of police was. I mean, the reason why you might have wanted to hurt daddy. . . . You were married to that Atwood man, weren't you?"

"Yes," said Eve, "of course I was."

"He's back in La Bandelette, you know. A week ago today he was in the back bar of the Donjon, talking. He said you were still in love with him, and that he was going to get you back, even if he had to tell our family everything about you."

Eve sat motionless. Her heart seemed briefly to stop, and then to assume an enormous, pounding rhythm.

"Do you remember," Janice went on, "the afternoon of the—the night daddy died? How he came back here, looking queer and quiet and in a temper? And how he refused to go to the theater with us but wouldn't say why? And Toby's been acting queerly ever since."

"Nonsense," said Helena. "Toby was only behaving so stuffily that night because Mrs. Warren's Profession is a play about—well, about prostitution."

Eve sat up straight.

"Daddy's favorite afternoon walk," said Janice, "was in the Zoological Gardens at the back of the Donjon Hotel. Suppose this Mr. Atwood went after him and told him something about . . ."

Janice did not complete the sentence. She nodded her head toward Eve without looking round.

"Then daddy came home in that queer quiet way. He said something to Toby. And Toby couldn't sleep. He called Eve up at one o'clock in the morning. Suppose he told her what daddy had said. Then suppose Eve came over here to fight it out with daddy, and . . ."

"Just one moment, please," Eve said very quietly. "Are you intimating that Mrs. Warren's Profession ought to be Mrs. Neill's Profession?"

"No, dear. Good heavens, no!" Helena was shocked.

"Then what is it? I know what people say about me, or at least what they used to say. It isn't true."

"Are you still in love with Mr. Atwood?" Janice demanded.

"No!"

"Is there something you haven't told us?"

"No. That is—"

"I thought," muttered Uncle Ben, "she'd been looking a bit peaky. But then we all have. Only, she did act strange that day. . . ."

Eve put up her hands to her eyes.

"Nobody believes the stories about you," Helena was saying gently. "But this other thing is different. *Were* you out of the house that night?"

"Yes!" Eve said at last.

Even before she spoke again, she realized the twisted irony of what she must say.

"I didn't dare tell you," she said slowly and evenly, "because Ned Atwood was in my bedroom."

SQUARE and sedate and white-faced was the Lawes' villa. Its own wall cut off your view of the ground-floor windows. On the floor above were six windows. It was at the center two—the only full-length windows on that floor—that Dermot and M. Goron looked.

"It would interest me very much," Dermot said, "to see the inside of that study."

"My dear doctor, nothing is easier," M. Goron assured him. "But if we are to see Mme. Neill now—"

Dermot paid no attention.

"Since it was Sir Maurice's habit," he pointed out, "to sit up there in the evenings with the curtains drawn back from the windows, the murderer ran a devil of a risk of being seen from an upper window of any of these other houses on this side of the street."

"No." M. Goron shrugged. "The season in our fine city is nearly over. The villa on each side of Mme. Neill's house is vacant. The only person who might possibly have seen something was Mme. Neill herself."

"My friend"—Dermot frowned— "I don't like your evidence. For instance, the motive assigned to Mme. Neill is rubbish."

But he got no further. Catching sight of a figure striding toward them, M. Goron seized his arm.

"Monsieur," he hissed, "there is M. Horatio Lawes himself, coming with a purposeful walk and doubtless intent on seeing Mme. Neill too. If we are to do any good with her, we must get there first."

It was unnecessary to ring at Eve's door. It was abruptly opened in their faces, and a kind of squeal came from the semidark interior. Two women stood on the threshold.

THE first of the two, Dermot thought, must be Yvette Latour. But it was the presence of the other, a girl in her twenties, which made M. Goron's eyebrows rise nearly to the hair line.

"This is my sister, monsieur," said Yvette smoothly. "She was just leaving."

It was easy to see the family likeness. But there all resemblance to Yvette ended. This girl was slim, she was smartly dressed, she was chic. She seemed to twinkle with impudence as she demurely eluded you.

"Mlle. Prue," observed M. Goron, with formal gallantry.

"Monsieur," said the girl respectfully. She ducked him a kind of curtsy. Then she was gone down the path.

"We are looking," the prefect said to Yvette, "for Mme. Neill."

"Then I regret, M. Goron, that you will have to go opposite. Madame is taking tea with the Lawes family."

Yvette kept her look of stolid politeness, but just before the door closed, there flashed across her face an expression that might have been mockery.

"Those two were plotting something," M. Goron muttered as they turned away. "But we cannot stop to debate the evidence of why Mlle. Prue should call on her sister. It will be much simpler if we go across and discover what Mme. Neill has to say herself."

The front garden of the Villa Bonheur was a trim grass plot behind a brick wall. The long windows immediately to the right of the door stood wide open, and as M. Goron pushed open the gate they heard Janice Lawes' voice issuing from the drawing room.

"Don't look like that! And don't stop," she was saying, "just because Toby's come barging in!"

"Look here," interposed Toby, speaking with evident bewilderment, "what *is* all this?"

"On the night daddy was killed," Janice said, "Eve was out of her house and came back all covered with blood. She was carrying a key to our front door. There was a chip of agate from the snuff-box stuck in the lace of her dressing robe."

"For heaven's sake, what are you talking about?" Toby demanded.

"It was all because of Mr. Atwood, Eve's husband," Helena said hesitantly.

"I'd heard he was back." Toby spoke mechanically. "What I want to know is, what is all this about?"

"Mr. Atwood," replied Janice, "broke into Eve's house on the night daddy died. That is, he had a key he'd kept from the days when he lived there. He came upstairs after she was undressed."

Toby stood rigid.

"But it's not *my* story. Ask Eve herself. She'll tell you. Eve, you've got to go on! Just tell us about it as though Toby weren't here."

M. Aristide Goron drew a deep breath. Stepping forward briskly, he swept into the drawing room.

"And as though you did not find me here either, Mme. Neill," he said.

Ten minutes later he was sitting in a chair prompting her. She had to tell the story all over again—Ned's unwanted advances, her fear that Sir Maurice would know he was with her. As she told of putting out the light she

was conscious of all of them looking at her with suspicion. But Toby was the only one who mattered. She saw him turn away from her entreating glance.

"What was Sir Maurice doing?" M. Goron prompted.

"He was sitting," answered Eve, recalling a scene which by now had been impressed on her mind with unbearable vividness—"he was sitting at his desk, holding up a magnifying glass to look at something. There was—"

"Yes, madame?"

She had intended to add, "There was somebody with him." But, in front of the Lawes family, and considering what this might imply, it stuck in her throat. Again her imagination saw the old man's lips moving, the magnifying glass, and the shadow hovering behind.

"There was the snuff-box," she substituted weakly. "He was looking at it."

"And then?"

"Ned came over toward me. I fought him off. I begged him not to wake the servants. Don't you see? I didn't want the servants to learn about it either. Then the telephone rang."

"Then all the time you were speaking to me," Toby said, "that fellow was actually in your room. Standing beside you. Sitting beside you. Maybe even . . ."

"I ordered him out, but he wouldn't go. He said he wasn't going to allow me to marry you. And he thought he could make people think things about me, things that weren't true, if he leaned out of the window and shouted across to Sir Maurice that he was in my bedroom. He went to the window. I ran after him. But when we looked out . . ." She hesitated. "It was just after . . ."

She needed to say no more than that. Little whispering voices struck across at her.

"You didn't see—" began Helena.

"Anybody?" prompted Janice.

SITTING quietly in a corner, where nobody noticed him, Dermot fixed his mind on the meaning that might underlie Eve's halting, unconvincing story.

The analytical side of his mind registered: Strong thyroid type. Imaginative. Easily suggestible. Good-natured and generous. Intensely loyal to any person who has shown her a kindness. Yes, this woman might very well commit murder, if sufficiently impelled. And, somehow, Dermot found this a disturbing thought.

He watched her fingers clenching and uncurling. He watched the delicate face, lips pinched together, and the small nerve that twitched in her neck. And he thought: This woman is going to tell a lie.

"No!" cried Eve; and her body stiffened as though she had made a decision. "We didn't see anybody."

"Then how does madame know," said the prefect, "that it was 'just after' he had been killed?"

"I don't, of course." Eve spoke after a slight pause. The gray eyes looked straight back at M. Goron; her breast rose and fell slowly. "I mean, I only assume it must have been."

"Continue, please," breathed M. Goron.

"Poor Helena came in and began screaming. I ordered Ned out, and this time it was so serious that he knew he had to go. Before he went, I got back that key from him and put it in the pocket of my pajamas. On his way down, he . . . he slipped on the stairs and hurt his nose."

"His *nose?*" repeated M. Goron.

"Yes. It bled. I touched him, and that was how I got some blood on my hand and on my clothes. Ask Ned! At least he'll be decent enough to confirm every word I say when you put me in a position like this."

"Will he, madame?"

This woman was beginning to cloud Dermot Kinross' judgment. It was uncanny and damnable. He had never in his life before felt quite like this.

"Concerning M. Atwood," the prefect went on. "You tell me that he 'slipped on the stairs and hurt his nose.' Was there no other injury?"

"I can't say. There might have been. I couldn't see. But the blood at least was from his nose."

M. Goron smiled in a faint and faraway manner.

"Continue, dear madame!"

"I let him out by the back door because the street outside was full of policemen. He went away. And that was when it happened. The back door of my house has a spring lock. When I got there the door was shut and I was locked out. Afterward it occurred to me that somebody might have—well, might have deliberately pushed it shut."

"Oho?" said M. Goron. "Who?"

"Yvette. My maid." Eve clenched her hands and almost writhed in the chair. "She locked the door so I couldn't get in."

"Couldn't get in? Sacred name! Madame had only to knock at the door or ring at the bell, surely?"

"Which would have roused the servants, and that's what I didn't want. I couldn't endure the idea of waking up Yvette . . ."

"Who had just, it appears, waked herself up and for some reason locked madame out. I beg of you that you will not upset yourself. I do not seek to trap or trick madame. I only try to establish . . . shall we say? . . . the truth as she tells it."

"I remembered that I had a key to the front door in the pocket of my pajamas. I slipped round to the front and got in. That's how I came to lose my sash. I suppose you must have found that, too?"

"Yes, madame. Forgive me for directing attention to it, but there is one small matter which this story does not explain. I refer to the chip of agate found entangled in the lace of madame's dressing gown."

Eve spoke quietly. "I don't know anything about it. Somebody must have put it there afterward."

"Put it there," observed M. Goron—a statement rather than a question.

Eve looked from one face to another. "But you surely can't be thinking of me as a *murderer?*"

"In candor, madame, this fantastic idea has been suggested."

"But I can *prove* every word I say is true!"

"How, madame?"

"By Ned Atwood, of course!"

"It is unlikely, I think," observed M. Goron softly, "that madame ever will see him again."

They all swung round.

"Surely madame knows that M. Atwood is in no condition to verify her story, even if he wished to do so? That M. Atwood has been lying at the Donjon Hotel, suffering from concussion of the brain?"

It was perhaps ten seconds before Eve rose to her feet. She stared back at the prefect. Hitherto, Dermot guessed, these accusations had been no more to her than a poor, ironic joke. Now, suddenly, she saw where the whole thing might lead.

"A week ago, at half past one in the morning," M. Goron continued, "M. Atwood walked into the foyer of the Donjon. In the elevator, going up to his room, he collapsed."

Eve pressed her hands to her temples.

"But that was when he left me! It was dark. I couldn't see. He must have hit his head when he . . ." After a pause she added: "Poor old Ned!"

A faintly satiric smile marred the politeness of M. Goron's face. "Unfortunately, M. Atwood retained consciousness long enough to explain that he had been knocked over by a car in the street. That was his final word. You see, he will probably not testify to anything now. He is not expected to recover.

"I should not, perhaps, have told you that," M. Goron added. "It is not customary to be so frank with the accused before their arrest . . ."

"Arrest?" screamed Eve.

"One moment," Dermot said then.

All were startled when he spoke.

"Ah!" M. Goron jumped up. "I am forgetting! My friend! I deeply apologize if I am impolite against you. But in this excitement . . ."

Here the prefect swept out his hand.

"I would wish to present my friend Dr. Kinross, from England. In private he is a great doctor who practice in Vimpole Street. In public he has, to my knowledge, capture three big criminals. So I ask him here—"

Dermot looked straight at Eve. "Because my friend M. Goron," he said, "has some doubt about the value of the evidence against Mrs. Neill. But my real reason for coming and hoping I might be of service is that I was once acquainted with Sir Maurice."

"You knew Maurice!" cried Helena.

"Yes, in the old days, when I was doing prison work. He was very much interested in prison reform."

"Maurice," Helena said, "was more than just interested. He used to study the people in those prisons, the convicts, I mean, and know all about them. Even if they didn't know about *him*. Because, you see, he helped them and didn't want any credit for it."

"Dr. Kinross," said Janice, "do they honestly mean all this talk about arresting Eve?"

"I hope not," Dermot said evenly. "Because in that case I should have to fight my old friend M. Goron from here to Llandudno."

"You've heard Eve's story. Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

M. Goron's face was a study in polite rage. But he did not comment.

"It's not been easy to listen to this," observed Toby. "It's not been easy for us at all."

"Of course not. But has it occurred to you," said Dermot, "that it may have been rather embarrassing for Mrs. Neill too?"

He could see Eve needed help. Sick with fright and uncertainty, she was trying to make Toby meet her eye. All she wanted was a word of reassurance from him. And she was not getting that word. An obscure anger crawled through Dermot Kinross as he saw it.

"Do you want me to speak frankly?" he asked. "I think you ought to make up your mind. Is Mrs. Neill guilty of infidelity, or of murder? She can't be guilty of both, you know. If she was over in this house murdering your father, then Atwood certainly wasn't with her in her bedroom. And if Atwood *was* with her in the bedroom, then she certainly wasn't over here murdering your father." He paused. "Which one will you have, sir?"

THE polished, ironic courtesy of his tone struck at Toby like a barb. It brought realization to them all.

"Doctor," said M. Goron in a loud but steady voice, "I should like the favor of a word with you in private." Taking hold of Dermot's arm, he marched him across the room and out into the hall.

"My friend, you disappoint me," he said. "Will you tell me why you take this attitude?"

"The woman isn't guilty."

"Is that the head or the heart which speaks? Come! I had thought that you, at least, the merchant of scientific fact, would be impervious to the charms of Mme. Neill. This woman is a public menace!"

"I tell you—"

"Dear doctor, I am not a detective. No, no, no! But as for zizipompom, that is different. Any form of zizipompom I can detect at a distance of three kilometers and in the dark."

Dermot looked him in the eye. "On my word of honor," he said, "I don't believe she is guilty. Of course you have compared specimens of Sir Maurice Lawes' blood with the blood found on her sash and negligee?"

"Naturally. And both specimens, I may tell you, belong to the same blood group."

"Which group?"

"Group Four."

Dermot raised his eyebrows. "That's not much good, is it? It's the commonest blood group of all. Have you tested Atwood's blood too?"

"But naturally not! Why should we? This is the very first I have heard of madame's story!"

"Test it, then. If it comes from a different group, her story is automatically disproved."

"Ah!"

"But if, on the other hand, it also comes from Group Four, that's at least negative confirmation of what Mrs. Neill says. In any case, don't you think that in the interests of justice you ought to make the experiment before throwing that woman into prison?"

"My friend," M. Goron protested, "you try to persuade me flat against the evidence!"

"Yet one has doubts?"

"One," the prefect confessed, "sometimes has doubts."

"You are still going to arrest her?"

M. Goron was astonished. "Naturally! Unless, of course"—his eye had a sardonic twinkle—"my good friend can demonstrate her innocence within the next few hours. Tell me. Have you a theory about this?"

"In a way I have a theory." Dermot looked him straight in the eyes. "It seems to me almost certain that the murder was committed by some member of this 'pleasant' Lawes family."

It required a great deal to startle the prefect of police of La Bandelette. This did it. His eyes seemed to bulge as he stared back at his companion.

"Yes," said Dermot, "I mean just that."

M. GORON cleared his throat. "You wished, I think, to see the room where the crime was committed. Come with me, and you shall."

A blur of twilight lay beyond as he opened the door upstairs. The fitted carpet was so thick that the bottom of the door clung to it and scraped the nap.

Against the wall stood the table-desk, and on it lay a large writing pad where Sir Maurice Lawes had been making notes just before his death.

No traces of the shattered snuff-box remained. The writing on the pad was headed, in very large, neat lettering: SNUFF-BOX, SHAPED LIKE A WATCH, ONCE THE PROPERTY OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I."

Dermot whistled as he read the description. "This thing," he said, "must have been enormously valuable!"

"Valuable?" the prefect almost screamed. "Haven't I told you? I also told you it was of curious shape. As you see by the writing, it was shaped like a watch. In fact, the members of the family tell me, when Sir Maurice first showed it to them they thought it *was* a watch. It opened out . . . so. Kindly note the nicks in the wood on the desk where the murderer's blows went wild."

Dermot turned round and looked across the room at the stand of fire irons beside the marble mantelpiece. He measured distances with his eye.

"Tell me," he said. "Is any member of the Lawes family afflicted with bad eyesight?"

"Ah, my heaven!" cried M. Goron, and threw up his hands. "Always the Lawes family!"

"I persist in my question. Is any of the family afflicted with bad eyesight?"

"That, dear doctor, I can't say."

"But it should be easy to find out."

"Undoubtedly!" M. Goron hesitated. His eyes narrowed. "You were thinking that the murderer must have had bad eyesight to miss a target like a human head with some of his blows?"

"Perhaps."

Dermot made a slow tour of the room, peering into the glass cases. "You told me," he said, "that a diamond-and-turquoise necklace had been taken from one of the cabinets. You found it, slightly bloodstained, lying on the floor under the cabinet."

M. Goron nodded, and tapped a bulbous glass cabinet to the left of the door. Occupying the place of honor in the center, the necklace burned with shifting fires against the prism dazzle of the chandelier.

"It has been replaced and wiped clean," M. Goron said. "By tradition, this necklace was worn by Mme. de Lamballe, the favorite of Queen Marie Antoinette, when madame was hacked to death by the mob outside the prison of La Force. Sir Maurice Lawes had a curious taste for the gruesome, don't you think?"

"Some one has a curious taste for the gruesome."

M. Goron chuckled. "You observe what stands beside it?"

"It looks," said Dermot, glancing to the left of the necklace, "like a music box on little wheels."

"It *is* a music box on little wheels. I remember, the day following the crime, when we were examining this room, with the dead man still sitting in his chair, that the commissaire of police opened this case. His hand struck the music box. It fell on the floor. . . .

"The music box landed on its side. It began to play John Brown's Body. Its effect, I assure you, was remarkable. M. Horatio Lawes angrily flies out and tells us not to touch his father's collection. M. Benjamin Phillips says somebody must have been playing the music box recently, since he, a mechanician of talent, repaired it and wound it up only a few days before, and now it runs down after playing a stave or two. Can you imagine such a commotion over a small point of the sort?"

"Yes, I think I can. As I told you earlier today, this is a characteristic crime. As for Mrs. Neill, she saw something. Don't ask me what. She knows it is one of the members of this household."

"Doctor, I don't find that good enough."

"By evidence which you have told me yourself," Dermot went on, "one of the members of the Lawes family has told a deliberate, flat, provable lie. Will you think twice about it if I tell you what the lie is?"

M. Goron had no time to reply. The door to the hall swung open. Janice Lawes peered in.

The room, obviously, still frightened her. She gave a quick glance at the empty swivel chair; but she came in quietly and closed the door.

"You think we're being beastly to Eve, don't you?" She looked straight at Dermot. "I wish you'd try to see our side of it too. He's dead. That's the only thing any of us can think of. When you have a thing like that accusation sprung on you all of a sudden, you don't just say, 'Of course I'm sure there's nothing in this; why bother even to explain?' "

In fairness, Dermot had to admit this was true.

"That was why," Janice continued, "I wanted to ask you a question. You remember there's been a lot of talk about the queer way daddy looked on the afternoon of the night he was killed. While you were talking I remembered the only time I'd ever seen him look like that before. About eight years ago there was a smooth oily old bloke named Finisterre, who got him interested in a business deal, and swindled him.

"Daddy hadn't a good memory for faces. But while Finisterre was talking to him, he suddenly remembered who the man was. He was a convict named McConklin, who'd jumped his parole and disappeared. Daddy'd been interested in his case, though McConklin had never seen him—at least, not to know who he was.

"When McConklin, or Finisterre, saw he was recognized, he wept and begged and pleaded not to be handed over to the police again. He offered to return the money. He talked about his wife and children. He offered to do anything, *anything*, if only daddy wouldn't send him back to jail. Mother says daddy was as white as a ghost. He hated, he honestly hated, locking up a criminal. But I think he'd have jailed one of his own family if he thought something really indefensible had been done.

"So," she went on in a rapid monotone, "he said to Finisterre, 'I'll give you twenty-four hours to make yourself scarce. At the end of that time, whether you've done it or not, a full account of you in your new life—your new name—everything about you—goes to Scotland Yard.' And he did it. Finisterre died in jail."

She looked Dermot in the eyes. "Do you think Eve Neill has ever been in prison?"

IN THE drawing room downstairs Eve and Toby had the place to themselves. Only one standard lamp, with a golden-yellow shade, had been turned on, and this in a far corner. Neither of them wanted to have a good look at the other's face.

"I want my handbag," Eve said blindly. "Then I must go."

"But we've got to talk this thing out!"

"What is there to talk about?"

"Whatever happens, they mustn't arrest you." Toby sounded agitated. "You see, if they arrested you—well, the bank wouldn't like it."

"I hope none of you would like it." She gave him a long look. "Do you believe I killed your father, Toby?"

"You never killed anybody," he retorted. "That damned maid of yours is behind all this. She—"

"What do you know about her, Toby?"

"Nothing. But I do think it's a little hard on me"—the querulous note rose in his voice—"just when we were getting on so well, that you should pick up with this Atwood fellow again."

"Is that what you believe?"

Toby was in agony.

"What else can I believe? Come on, now. A man has certain ideals. And when he's going to marry a girl, he expects her to live up to those ideals."

Eve found her handbag. It was lying on a conspicuous table, in plain sight of both of them. She wondered why she had not seen it before. Then she made her way to the door.

"Get out of the way, please. I want to go."

"Oh, very well," said Toby, and folded his arms with outraged dignity. "If that's how you feel about it."

He stood aside. Eve hesitated. But even his obvious anguish could not shake her now. She ran past him into the foyer and closed the door behind her, only to discover Uncle Ben Phillips bearing down on her. "I have a letter for you," he said. "Found it in the letter box ten minutes ago." The gentle ice-blue eyes fixed on her. "Might be important."

Eve thrust the letter into her handbag. Uncle Ben seemed to be winding himself up for speech.

"I don't amount to much in this house," he observed abruptly, "but—I'm on your side. Always!"

She was grateful, but when he reached out to touch her arm she flinched, and the old man stiffened as though she had struck him in the face.

OUT in the street Eve seemed to come into a free world. But it was not, for her, likely to remain a free world much longer.

Brown gloves. Brown gloves. Brown gloves.

She went out of the gate, and stopped in the shadow of the wall. You *fool,* she said to herself. Why didn't you tell them what you'd seen? Why didn't you say that somebody in that house, wearing a pair of brown gloves, was an unctuous hypocrite?

And all of them had been only too ready to believe her a kind of casual harlot.

Only two persons had shown a decency which warmed her to them. One was the despised rake Ned Atwood, who had collapsed telling a lie he thought would shield her. The other was that doctor.

Ned was ill, he was hurt, he was unconscious. "Not expected to recover." In her own danger, she was forgetting his. At the moment she couldn't even telephone, or write him a letter . . .

Letter.

She opened her bag and peered at the rather crumpled envelope inside.

She examined the gray envelope, sealed, with her name written across it in small French script. Delivered by hand, dropped into the letter box of a house where she did not live. She tore it open.

The brief note inside was in French, and not signed:

If madame wishes to learn something which will be of value to her in her present predicament, let her call at number 17, Rue de la Harpe, at any time after ten o'clock. The door is open. Please to enter.

"This is it?" Eve asked tensely as her taxi stopped before a dark flower shop.

"Yes, madame," said the driver. "Number seventeen, Rue de la Harpe."

The door was unlocked, and leaving it open she entered the shop. She had passed a counter and cash register before she noticed a crack of yellow light. It lay along the floor under a heavy portiere which closed off the doorway to a rear room.

Eve walked forward and drew aside the portiere. She stood looking into a small snug sitting room, the walls papered in regrettable taste but breathing of domesticity.

Mlle. Prue sat in an easy chair by the lamp. A sewing basket stood on the table beside her, and across from her sat Toby Lawes.

"Ah, madame!" Prue said briskly. "You have received my note, then? That is good. Please come in."

Toby sat rigid. Color, dull red, slowly suffused his face until it seemed bursting. Any man who saw him then would have felt almost sorry for him as he flung that frantic glance at Prue.

The girl went over to Toby and kissed him perfunctorily on the forehead.

"This poor Tobee," she said. "I have been his little friend for such a long time, yet I cannot seem to make him understand. Now it is necessary to speak frankly."

"Yes," said Eve, "by all means."

"It was understood," Prue said, "or at least *I* so understood it, in my innocence, that M. Lawes' intentions were honorable and that he meant marriage. Then comes the announcement of his betrothal to you. My sister Yvette, she is furious. She says *she* will find a way to break off this marriage and put me in the arms of M. Lawes."

Eve was beginning to understand many things.

"But me, I am not like that. I run after nobody. Still, it is only fair, I say, that some small compensation should be made to me for my loss of time and the violation of my natural feelings. Yes?

"I ask him please if he will give me this compensation, so that we can part friends. But he puts me off, saying that he is hard up."

She gave Eve a long look before she went on.

"Madame *is* rich, or so they tell me. And she wishes to marry my poor Tobee. Desolated as I am to lose him, I am what you call a good sport. But in these things, *voyons,* it is necessary to be practical. Therefore, if madame herself would consent to make some small compensation . . ."

"I won't buy your lover back from you," Eve said. "But I will give you double compensation if you persuade your sister Yvette to admit to the police that she locked me out of my house on the night Sir Maurice Lawes was killed. Perhaps you know she is trying to get me arrested. Presumably in the hope that M. Lawes here will then marry you."

Prue, with shaking fingers, was grubbing in the sewing

basket and fishing out all manner of articles. Eve caught a glimpse of something. Smallish, square, crystal-like stones, alternating with smallish blue-gleaming stones, were strung together in a thin metal filigree to form a necklace.

"Diamonds and turquoises." Eve picked it up. "It's Mme. de Lamballe's necklace! Unless I've gone completely mad, I last saw this in Papa Lawes' collection."

"Diamonds and turquoises? Madame is mistaken. Let madame go herself to the shop of M. Veille, only a few doors from here, and ask him at what he values it!"

"Did you give it to her, Toby?" Eve asked.

"Great Scott, no!" Toby avoided her glance. "Besides, that particular necklace isn't gone! It's still in the curio cabinet."

"Toby," said Eve, "who wore the brown gloves? When the police were questioning me this afternoon, I didn't tell the whole truth. Ned Atwood *saw* the person who killed your father. I almost saw him. Somebody wearing a pair of brown gloves went into the study and killed Papa Lawes. I can't tell you much, Toby. But I can tell you this much: Whoever killed your father was a member of your own dear, sweet family."

THE color drained out of Toby's face, but before he could speak a hand drew aside the portiere closing the room off from the shop. Involuntarily Eve's hand went to her throat. Then came that wave of relief when she saw it was Dermot Kinross.

"Excuse me for butting in," he said, "but I wonder whether I could have a look at that necklace?"

He picked up the string of white and blue stones, and held them under the lamp. Then from his inside pocket he took out a second necklace, wrapped in tissue paper. It was, at a glance, exactly like the first.

"This," he explained, tapping the exhibit in tissue paper, "is Mme. de Lamballe's necklace from Sir Maurice Lawes' collection. These are real diamonds and turquoises. M. Veille has just assured me of it. But now, it appears, there is a paste imitation."

He turned to Eve. "I saw you come in. Your taxi driver assured me you were still here, and the street door was wide open. I wanted to tell you our friend Goron has had a slight change of heart since somebody pointed out to him that a certain member of the Lawes family has been telling a deliberate lie."

Toby took a step forward. "When you were listening at the door, did you hear anything? About brown gloves and the rest of it?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Didn't it surprise you?"

"No, I can't say it did."

"Look here." Toby was breathing hard. "The idea of one of us killing father is such bosh that it looks like a conspiracy. And it came from *her*—a woman I trusted and practically worshiped. And, by George, she as good as admits she's taken up with this fellow Atwood again."

Eve couldn't help a satirical smile as she glanced at Prue, and Toby saw it.

"Well!" he said ruefully. "I admit taking up with Prue might have been wrong, in a way. But a fellow's got to go out with a little bit of fluff now and then. That's a very different thing from a woman who's pledged her word for marriage. If this is how she treats me, I'm not sure that we oughtn't to consider the engagement at an end."

Dermot put his hand with a firm, competent touch on Eve's arm. "Come out of here," he said gently. "You deserve something better than this."

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It was almost sunrise when he brought Eve home. They had talked long over supper and afterward they had taken that long drive along the Channel road.

The breeze blew Eve's hair wildly as she stood outside the door. Despite the hollows under her eyes, she was laughing.

"Do you realize," she cried, "that you've kept me talking all night?"

"That's all right," said Dermot. "I want you to tell it to me again. Every word of it."

"*Again?*" Eve sighed. "I've told it to you four times. I haven't left out one single detail, I swear."

"Well, maybe we can spare you," he conceded. "After all, I think I've got the main details. You see, you've told me something very important."

"What's that?"

"You've told me who the murderer is."

"But *I* haven't got the least idea!" she protested.

"I know. That's why your account is so valuable," he said. "I had an idea yesterday, but I never woke up fully until you started telling your story over the omelets."

"Dr. Kinross," said Eve, "which one of them did it?"

"I am, quite deliberately, not going to tell you. Because the secret of this matter is in your brain. You know it. But you're not aware that you know it. If I told you, you would start to think back. You would supply interpretations. You would rearrange facts. And that mustn't happen. Everything—do you hear?—*everything* depends on your telling that story to Goron and Vautour, the examining magistrate, exactly as you told it to me.

"This M. Vautour," he went on, "has the reputation of being a terror. But don't be afraid of him. You'd better have a lawyer, by the way. I'll send Saulomon round to you. And, as I was saying, just tell your story, *in detail*, mind, as you told it to me. As soon as it's officially in the record, I can act."

"What are you going to do in the meantime?"

"There's one person who can testify who the murderer is," he replied. "That's Ned Atwood. But he's no good to us yet, though I'm staying at the Donjon Hotel too and I'll look in on his doctor just on the off chance." He paused. "I'm going to London."

Eve sat up. "To London?"

"Only for the day. There's a ten-thirty plane from here, and a late afternoon one from Croydon."

Panic swept through her at the thought he would be leaving. "Couldn't you *possibly* tell me who . . ."

"No. I'll tell you only one thing. You were deliberately chosen to be the victim in as careful and cruel and cold-blooded a little scheme as I've come across. The person who planned it deserves no mercy. I shall see you tonight. And then, heaven willing, we are going to settle somebody's hash."

That evening he returned. He had proved what he had left to prove in that short space of time he had been gone. But he had scarcely returned to his hotel when Saulomon telephoned. Eve had been arrested. *For murder!*

Before Dermot recovered from the shock, the lawyer went on, his voice seething over the wire:

"Did you instruct Mme. Neill to tell her story to the police in every detail exactly as she seems to have told it to you?"

"Yes, of course I did," Dermot said.

"My friend, have you gone stark, raving mad? Up to this afternoon, when they questioned her, the police had become almost convinced of her innocence. But she made a slip so fatal, so damning to any one knowing the evidence, that there can be no doubt of her guilt!"

"One moment!" Dermot cut in sharply. "Had this slip anything to do with the emperor's snuff-box? Her description of it, I mean."

"Yes."

"Then"—Dermot couldn't hold back his bitterness—"the very evidence which should have convinced them she's innocent convinces them she is guilty!"

Something had gone wrong. But what? Questions raced through Dermot's brain as he put the receiver back in its cradle. What in heaven's name was the matter with Goron, with Vautour? Or was it Eve who had been at fault? Had she become frightened, rattled—or *what*? He'd have to see Goron at once.

THE office of M. Vautour at the town hall was a big room on the top floor. It had two wide windows facing north and another facing west. Through the uncurtained west window leaped a dazzle of blinding white light. It was the beam of the great light-

house in the bay. A person sitting in the witness chair—facing M. Vautour's desk—would have that blinding glare rake across his eyes once every twenty seconds.

Even though they were not facing it, the light seemed to disturb the Laweses. They were all there, even Uncle Ben. He, more than any of the others, showed uneasiness as though wondering why they had been summoned.

"I have just had a lengthy conversation on the telephone with my colleague M. Goron," M. Vautour said at last. "He spoke of new evidence. He will be here at any minute, with his friend Dr. Kinross."

At his words Helena was perhaps the coolest of the Lawes family, all of whom seemed to sense a trap.

"Has your son told you nothing, madame?" M. Vautour seemed to be picking his words. "Not even, for instance, of Mme. Neill's accusation that some member of your family, wearing a pair of brown gloves, crept into Sir Maurice's study and beat the old man to death?"

Toby dropped his head in his hands.

"I knew those brown gloves were going to pop up somehow," remarked Uncle Ben in a startlingly normal tone. "Murder in the family, eh? Well, well, well!"

"It's no good saying," Janice blurted out, "that the same idea hasn't occurred to all of us."

"See here," began Uncle Ben as Helena cried out wildly. "It's no good making ourselves out as stupider than we are. Of course it's occurred to all of us. Confound it all! Let's stop being such a 'civilized' family. Let's let air and daylight into our souls . . . if we've got any. Either Eve Neill did it, or one of us did."

"Perhaps," observed M. Vautour, "we can have a little elucidation soon."

The searchlight beam was just wheeling past the door as Dermot entered.

He turned toward the quiet group across the room.

They resented him. He could feel the force of that resentment, all the more bitter for being unspoken.

"I want to call your attention," he said, "to the afternoon, evening, and night of the day when Sir Maurice Lawes died.

"Sir Maurice, on that day, went out for his afternoon walk as usual. His favorite walk was through the Zoological Gardens, behind the Donjon Hotel. On this occasion, to the surprise of the barmen, he came into the back bar of the hotel.

"Later he was seen in the Zoological Gardens. He appeared to be speaking to somebody who was hidden behind a bush from the witness's view. You might remember that little incident. It is significant. It's a prelude to murder."

"Are you telling us," gulped Helena, "that you know who killed Maurice?"

"Yes." Dermot looked at her coolly. "But let me go on with my story. By the time Sir Maurice returned home, he was in that white and shaky state we've so often heard described. After he refused to go to the theater with you, M. Veille, the art dealer, came with the snuff-box, and left it. The rest of you, however, heard nothing about any snuff-box until your return. Correct?"

"Yes," admitted Uncle Ben.

TOBY checked his gesture of impatience. And then M. Goron escorted Eve into the office.

"I knew you would help me." She turned to Dermot. "Even when things seemed to be going wrong, I knew you had some purpose in what you asked me to do. I didn't exactly doubt you. But, oh, how I was frightened!"

"Yes," said Dermot. "That's what's landed you in this whole mess. You trust people. They know it. And they take advantage of it."

Somebody's chair scraped on the linoleum floor.

"M. Goron told me yesterday," Dermot went on, "that the police took the fragments of the snuff-box away on the day after the murder, and after a week they were able to put it all back together again."

In response to his gesture, the examining magistrate opened the drawer of his desk and took out a small object which he handed to Dermot.

As the white light swept across the emperor's snuff-box it kindled the deepness of rose agate, it flashed on the tiny diamond watch numerals and hands, it gleamed on the gold binding and dummy winding stem.

Dermot looked from it to Toby. "The night your father died, Mr. Lawes, you telephoned Eve Neill at one in the morning. What did you talk about?"

Toby's hands gripped the arms of his chair. "We talked about the play we'd seen that night," he said.

"Anything else?"

"Well—I said something about the picnic we'd planned for the next day. Oh, and I also mentioned that dad had just got a new trinket for his collection."

"But you didn't say what the trinket was?"

"No."

"After this conversation, as you went upstairs you noticed that your father was up, because you saw a line of light under the door of the study. Therefore you didn't disturb him. Right?"

"Right!" Toby agreed.

"That door is a heavy door, fitting so closely against the carpet that to see a light under it would be impossible. But"—Dermot paused—"that's not the only lie you told. Won't you admit you've been telling a pack of lies, even to save the woman you claim you're in love with?"

"Then the man in the brown gloves . . ." Eve almost screamed.

"Yes," said Dermot. "It was your fiancé, Toby Lawes."

"IT'S not a new story," he continued. "He's got a little friend named Prue Latour, a sister of Yvette. Mme. Prue insists on expensive presents. She was threatening to make trouble in several directions. And his salary isn't very great. That was why he decided to steal the diamond-and-turquoise necklace out of his father's collection and substitute an imitation for it, so that his father shouldn't know. All he had to do was slip into his father's study, open the curio cabinet just to the left of the door, exchange the false necklace for the real, and go on his way rejoicing.

"At a few minutes past one he decided to act. He put on a pair of brown work gloves which are used by half the people in that house. Since he was unable to see anything under the sill of the door, he naturally supposed the room would be dark and empty. But it was not."

"Are you accusing my son of murdering his father?" Helena gasped.

"Murder?" Toby repeated incredulously. "You didn't think I'd *killed* dad, did you? Those brown gloves had nothing at all to do with his death or anybody's death. *Dad was already dead when I got there!* When I opened the door the poor old governor was sitting there with his back to me.

"That's all I did see. I'm nearsighted, you know. First I started to close the door and duck out in a hurry. Then I thought, Why not? The old governor's partly deaf, and he's all absorbed in that snuff-box. The curio cabinet's just by the door of the study. All I needed to do was reach in and change the necklaces, and who would be the wiser?

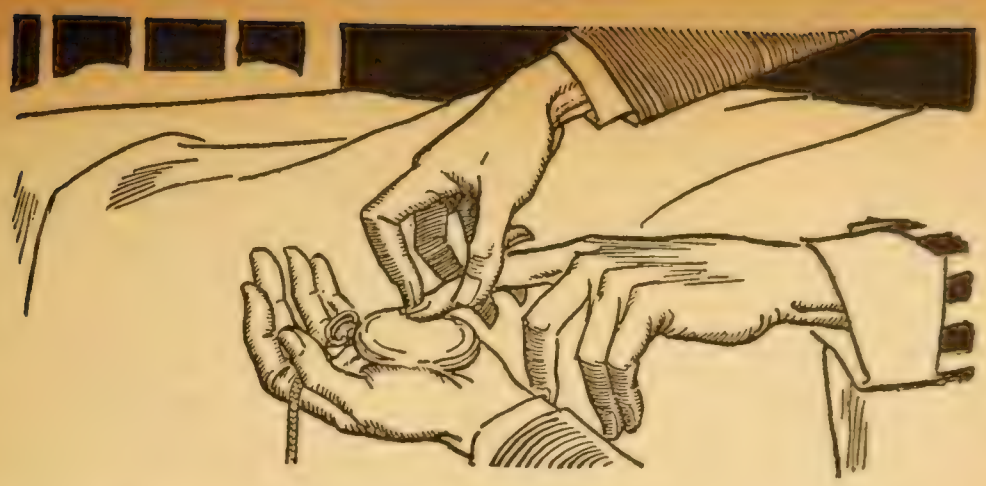
"But as I picked up the necklace I knocked that music box off the shelf. The poor old governor was rather deaf, but he wasn't deaf enough not to hear that crash.

"That was how I came to go closer and look at him. You know what I found. I turned on the ceiling lights to make sure, but there wasn't any doubt about it. I was still holding the necklace. That must have been when I got some blood on it.

"I realized I couldn't change the necklaces now. If I gave Prue a necklace worth a hundred thousand francs, and the police heard about it, and then discovered an imitation in the cabinet . . .

"I lost my head. Who wouldn't have? All I could think of was getting out of there. I started to put the necklace back, but it slipped and fell down under the cabinet, and I let it stay there. But I had sense enough to switch off the central lights before I left."

Helena looked at Dermot. "Then Toby didn't kill



Maurice?" There was desperate entreaty in her eyes.

"Certainly not."

"But somebody did," Uncle Ben pointed out.

Eve looked up then, meeting Dermot's eye. "I think I've remembered," she said, "what you wanted me to remember. I understand now why I got into trouble when I told my story today."

She looked at the snuff-box.

"I've been in a nightmare of brown gloves," she went on. "I couldn't think of anything else."

Helena Lawes' voice went high. "Will you tell us what in the name of heaven you're talking about?"

"That snuff-box," answered Eve. "Do you know, this is the first time in my life I've ever set eyes on it?"

"Look at it," Dermot suggested to the others. "What does it look like, even seen close at hand? It looks exactly like a watch. And it was never, at any time previous to the murder, shown to Eve Neill or described to her. Then how, when she saw it from a distance of fifty feet, could she have known it was a snuff-box?"

"That's the whole answer," he continued. "That, and the power of suggestion.

"The murderer in this case has been very clever. A damnably brilliant plot, with Eve Neill as its second victim, was constructed to provide the criminal with a cast-iron alibi. And he very nearly got away with it. Would you like to know who the murderer is?"

He walked to the door and flung it open as the white beam from the searchlight circled again.

"Come in, my friend," he said. "You're very welcome."

Clear in the bluish-white glare they saw, just outside, the white staring face of Ned Atwood.

IT wasn't until the next afternoon, as Eve, Dermot, Janice, and Uncle Ben were having tea in the garden, that Dermot reconstructed the whole story for the others.

"Ned Atwood's object," he said, "was to provide himself with an alibi for the murder of Sir Maurice. Eve was to be his alibi and his witness—all the more convincing because she would be an *unwilling* witness. He couldn't know that Toby Lawes would walk smack into the middle of his scheme, wearing a pair of brown gloves, thus providing him with a victim as well as a witness."

"But his motive?" Eve looked puzzled. "He didn't even *know* Papa Lawes, did he?"

Dermot looked at Janice. "You told me that your father had a very bad memory for faces. But every once in a while he'd remember where he had seen a certain person before. We're not likely to learn just *when* he remembered that 'Atwood' had escaped from prison while serving a five years' sentence for bigamy."

"*Bigamy?*" cried Eve.

"A Patrick Mahon sort of fellow," Dermot went on. "Very attractive to women. A Continental drifter, keeping away from England. You and he were divorced, but legally you were never married.

"Janice gave me the first clue"—Dermot nodded to Janice—"in that parable about the man called Finisterre. She can't be blamed if she had it the wrong way round.

"Sir Maurice bumped into Ned Atwood at the back bar of the Donjon Hotel, where Atwood was loudly boasting he was going to get his wife back, no matter what he had to tell people about her.

"When Sir Maurice suggested a walk, Atwood didn't know what was up. But he went. And he learned that the old man was very well posted about *his* history.

"This was catastrophe. Atwood wouldn't get his wife back now. No, he'd go back to prison.

"Unless . . .

"He didn't know Sir Maurice Lawes. But he knew quite a lot about the habits of the household at the Villa Bonheur. He had seen for himself that Sir Maurice, after the rest of the family had retired, was in the habit of sitting up alone in the study. And he had a key to the front door of Eve's house which—remember?—*also fitted the front door of the Villa Bonheur.*"

"Go on!" cried Eve.

"He had to act at once, to shut Sir Maurice's mouth forever. But, even so, he must have an ironclad alibi to protect him in the event of a slip.

"He was hanging about the Rue des Anges when your party returned from the theater. He waited until all your lights were out, except the light in those uncurtained study windows. He didn't mind the open curtains. They formed a part of his scheme.

"Using his key," Dermot went on, "he opened the front door of Sir Maurice's house. From what he later told Eve herself, we know that he was aware of Sir Maurice's deafness. He opened the door, caught up the poker, and approached his victim from behind. There sat the old man, immersed in a study of the new treasure. A writing pad in front of him bore, in very large letters, the words, SNUFF-BOX, SHAPED LIKE A WATCH.

"The murderer lifted his arm and struck. Once he had struck, he went berserk. Staring up at him always were those large words SNUFF-BOX. They made a deep impression on him, as we shall see. And now for the most important part!"

Dermot turned to Eve.

"What sort of suit was Atwood wearing that night?"

"A—a fuzzy, roughish kind of dark suit."

"Yes," he agreed. "That's it. When he smashed the snuff-box, a tiny chip of it flew wide and caught in his coat. Later it was accidentally transferred to your white lace negligee when he put his arms round you.

"But I am getting ahead of myself. When Goron first told me about it, it seemed that the murderer must have been a member of the Lawes family. You members can't resent that, because you've thought of it yourselves.

"I was puzzled a little by certain circumstances in Eve's first, very brief recital to Goron at the Villa Bonheur that first afternoon. But it wasn't until late the same night—when she told me her full story—that my wits woke up and an idea took shape.

"For clearness, let's reconstruct. Atwood arrived at Eve's house at a quarter to one, letting himself in with that invaluable key. He had left the Villa Bonheur, slipped away to the Boulevard du Casino, loitered there a minute or two, and then returned to the opposite villa

as though he were entering the street for the first time. He was now all ready to prepare his alibi.

"He burst in on you. Finally, having reduced you to a state of wild nerves, he pulled back the window curtain and started to look out. Now! Repeat to me again, verbatim, what you two said during the next minute."

Eve closed her eyes.

"I said, *'Is Maurice Lawes still up? Is he?'*

"Ned said, *'Yes, he's still up. But he's not paying any attention. He's got a magnifying glass, and he's looking at some kind of snuff-box thing. Hold on!'*

"I said, *'What is it?'*

"Ned said, *'There's somebody with him, but I can't see who it is.'*

"I said, *'Toby, probably. Ned Atwood, will you come away from that window?'*"

"But you yourself didn't look out of the window at any time; you took his word for it." Dermot turned to the others. "Now, the startling thing there was what Atwood claimed to have seen. If he saw anything at all, he saw from fifty feet away a small object which looked exactly like a watch. Yet he sang out unhesitatingly and called it a 'snuff-box thing.' He couldn't have known that—not unless there was a very sinister explanation of how he knew it.

"But notice what he does next!

"Instantly he starts in attempting to convince Eve that *she* has looked out of the window with him—that *she* has seen Sir Maurice alive, holding a magnifying glass, with a sinister shadow hovering over him.

"He does it by suggestion. Here is a woman very suggestible, as a brother psychologist once told her and as I noted for myself. Her nerves are unstrung; she is ready to see anything. Then, once the impression is there, the curtains on the window are swept aside and she is shown Sir Maurice's dead body.

"She quite sincerely believed she had seen Sir Maurice alive in his study. Atwood convinced her. If the snuff-box had been an ordinary snuff-box, and had looked like one, this very intelligent Mr. Atwood would have got away with it. There was, on the surface, nothing to connect him with Sir Maurice. But in the event of any slip-up there was his alibi all prepared, ready to be dragged out of an unwilling woman, and all the more convincing an alibi because it was a discreditable one.

"That was why he told the story about being 'hit by a car' when he collapsed at the hotel. He wasn't going to mention the matter at all, unless he had to.

"But that was what upset his whole plan. First, he was accidentally pushed into a fall that gave him concussion of the brain. Second, the vindictive Yvette intervened, with a game of her own to play."

"Then it really *was* Yvette," Janice interrupted, "who slammed the door and locked Eve out of the house?"

"Oh, yes. She knew Atwood was there. And she was trying to create a scandal, so that your pious brother would perhaps break off the marriage. When she saw that Eve Neill had become involved in a suspicion of murder, she joined in the prosecution with zeal. It was an even better way of breaking off the marriage.

THIS was the state of mix-up on the night when I heard Eve's full story—which showed who the murderer was. Once I had grasped that, it wasn't difficult to fit in the other pieces of evidence.

"The question was, what was Atwood's motive for murder? The answer clearly lay in Sir Maurice's prison work, elaborated by that little story about 'Finisterre.' Could I verify my theory? Easily! If Atwood had ever committed a crime at all under any name, his fingerprints would be on file at Scotland Yard.

"We couldn't move until I knew. I got Atwood's prints, unnoticed, by visiting his room at the hotel, taking his pulse, and pressing his fingers on the silver back of my watch. And when I flew to London, the duplicates of those prints were easily found.

"But in the meantime they arrested Eve. When she gave me the account in detail, she was so tired that her inner mind—the subconscious—spoke out and told a truth she wasn't aware of. I told her to tell her story to Goron exactly as she had told it to me.

"But I hadn't allowed for the strength of Atwood's suggestion in her mind. In speaking to them, she told Atwood's story and didn't give the words verbatim.

"Consequently," Dermot rushed on, "they took *Atwood's* slip and applied it to *her*. Oho! Nobody has ever told her anything about Sir Maurice's new treasure, eh? She hasn't heard it described? Then how does she know that the watch is really a snuff-box? After that, every word of attempted explanation sounded like guilt.

"Then," said Dermot grimly, "Atwood recovered consciousness. He was eager to testify that Toby was the man in the brown gloves, and complete our case. It meant, at one stroke, getting his wife back and sending his rival to prison. You wouldn't have thought, would you, that a fellow with an injury like that could get up out of bed, dress himself, and go across town to see Vautour? But he did. He insisted on it.

"He collapsed in the doorway of Vautour's office and died—before the turn of the searchlight had time to leave him. He died of being discovered."

FOR two weeks Dermot had seen Eve almost daily in his professional capacity. Now, as they sat in the garden of the Villa Miramar, Eve was the first to speak.

"Was it true what you said when you came? About having to go back to London tomorrow?"

"Yes. I've got to get back sooner or later. The point is, what are *you* going to do?"

"I don't know. I thought of going down to Nice or Cannes for a while."

"You can't do that." He smiled. "Our friend Goron was quite right in what he said about you."

"Oh? What did he say about me?"

"He said you're a public menace, and that nobody can tell what you'll get into next. If you go to the Riviera, some prowling male or other will cross your path, make you think you're in love with him, and . . . well, here we go again. No; you'd better come back to England. You won't be out of danger there, heaven knows; but at least an eye can be kept on you."

Eve considered this.

"As a matter of fact, I *had* thought of going to England." She lifted her eyes. "Tell me. Do you think I'm breaking my heart about Ned Atwood?"

Dermot stared back at her. "That's practical psychology," he said. "Trust *you* to go straight through verbiage, if you like."

"What do you think about Toby? And me?"

Dermot's face darkened.

"Toby Lawes," he said, "was never anything to you. You were lonely and you were bored and you wanted somebody to rely on. You mustn't ever make *that* mistake again, and I'm going to see to it you don't."

Eve sat motionless. Her eyes were shining.

"I don't mind your doing the thinking for both of us," she told him. "In fact, I prefer it. But if there's one thing I *won't* have you thinking, it's what the Lawes family thought. Will you come here for a moment, please?"

• • • • •

Just at that moment M. Goron opened the gate in the wall round the villa. Seeing, at his left, the path which led round the side of the house, he followed it.

He was just rehearsing the speech he would deliver when he caught sight of two persons in front of him and his eyes bulged almost out of their sockets.

For a moment he stood staring. He was a discreet man, a polite man, a man who liked to see people have a good time. So he turned round and retraced his steps. But he was also a fair-minded man, who liked to be dealt with fairly. As he emerged again into the Rue des Anges, he shook his head despondently. He stumped back along the street more rapidly than he had come. He spoke in too low a voice for anybody to hear what he was muttering to himself, but the word "zizipompom" floated out and died away in the evening air.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

AS far as I know, the commander of the Second Army has never been called a pussyfooter. The commander happens to be one Lieutenant General Ben Lear, and if you remember a certain "yoo-hoo" episode of a year or so ago you know what I mean. He expects the officers and men of his command to attain and maintain certain standards, and in a recent message to his soldiers he told them just what those standards are. I can't give you the full message in this column, but perhaps the high spots will be of interest to men of other commands as well as to some civilians. Said the general:

"The American soldier I want to see throughout the Second Army:

"Carries himself erect with a soldierly demeanor and posture,

Model Soldier

whether on duty or off duty, in camp or in town;

"Is courteous, friendly, but reserved in his civilian contacts, and is never loud, boastful, arrogant, or given to gossip;

"Executes the salute proudly and smartly, indicating his respect for himself as well as for the officer returning the salute;

"Is thoughtful of his comrades;

"Perfects himself in the use and care of every weapon to which he has access;

"Is always 'fit to fight';

"Keeps military information to himself;

"Is never too tired on maneuvers or field exercises to look and act the part of a soldier;

"Takes care of his equipment, knowing that the lives of comrades may depend upon its care;

"Never makes remarks to civilians or in the hearing of civilians that would lead them to have less confidence in the Army or in its loyalty and fighting spirit of our soldiers;

"Cultivates his initiative, cunning, and aggressiveness, so that he may command the situation, fulfill his mission, and carry on no matter if his leaders are casualties;

"Seeks to understand and to help others understand the precious heritage of free men, for which we are fighting—fighting, if needs be, 'to the last round and to the last man';

"Is proud of his Spartan life and his ability to take hardship and dish it out, and would not exchange his place as a field soldier with any one leading an easier life;

"Is loyal, everlasting loyal—despite hell and high water—to his comrades, his outfit, his leaders, and his country."

I'd be proud to serve under the man who set those standards.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

This letter is not from a homesick recruit. I have spent over two years in the Army, but right now I am moanin' the blues. A radio broadcast we got on short wave tonight has me and the rest of the boys really mad. It said that we are to get no more packages unless they contain things we asked for and must be approved by the C. O.; also, they want our folks to use only V-mail in writing to us.

Some of the boys on the broadcast said their canteens were completely stocked and they didn't need packages from home. They must be stationed in London or some other large city. Our canteen out here on a Pacific island is "completely stocked" with soap and a few toilet articles and once in a blue moon it has magazines and hard candy too. We could use such things as stationery and flashlight batteries. See what I mean about packages?

As long as we have to wait weeks for mail, we would like to get letters, not notes, when it does come. You can't put all the news we want to get on a single sheet. Yes, I know that the men on Guadalcanal probably don't get any mail at all, but we would appreciate ours before we go in there. It is different when you are on the battle line than when waiting for action.

We wish the geniuses who thought up the new mail rules could be out here for a couple of months. There'd be more changes made then.

Pfc. T. B.,
Somewhere in the Pacific.

I didn't catch that broadcast, soldier, but I know what your gripe is about. In the issue before last I gave a column and a half to the new Army postal regulations, and if you can get your hands on a copy I wish you'd read it. As I said before, the Army didn't think them up just to make things tougher for you. The Army realizes the morale value of letters and packages from home better, perhaps, than you do. But if there has to be a choice made between bulk mail and vital war materials there can be only one answer. You can't shoot a Jap with a letter. The fact that your canteen stock is so meager proves how grave the shipping problem can be. Don't think for a minute that I'm unsympathetic—me, I'm one of the great letter grabbers of all time—but I'd rather be a live guy without mail than a dead one with it.

* * *

Some of us would like to know if we are entitled to wear a hash-mark for each hitch we served in the National Guard. Before I went in the Navy I had piled up over seventeen years of National Guard service, including both active and inactive Federal. As a result I am granted ten and a half years longevity credit on my Navy pay. But, Sarge, wearing a string of service ribbons and drawing longevity seems sort of funny without also wearing the hash-marks which would naturally follow. I know of some Navy men who are wearing hash-marks for prior Army service, but I can find no regulation which permits it. Tell me, does that new legislation governing transfer

Hash-marks

of service credits from one branch to another also permit the wearing of ribbons and service stripes earned while in another?

J. M. B., Corpus Christi, Tex.

There seems to be a lot of doubt and debate over that point and many of you men have tried to sweat it out. So have I.

and let me quote Par. 46 (e), A. R. 600-40: "All enlisted men of the Army, National Guard, or Organized Reserves who have served honorably in the *Federal* service as enlisted men in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps for a period of 3 years, continuously or otherwise (or who have served honorably in the National Guard in *Federal* service) will wear as a mark of distinction the appropriate service stripe." (The emphasis of the word "Federal" is mine.) In other words, despite the fact that Congress has authorized longevity pay for prior active service in Reserve and/or National Guard components, no insignia, badges, ribbons, chevrons, or service stripes may be worn on the *Federal* uniform except those recognized and authorized by the Federal government. State or civilian medals may not be worn on the *Federal* uniform.

* * *

Is the wife of an enlisted man or officer entitled to any kind of travel allowance when her husband is transferred from one post to another and she desires to rejoin him at his new location?

Mrs. Y., Lafayette, Calif.

Prior to September 1, 1942, dependents and household effects of *authorized* Army personnel (over the fourth grade) and War Department civilian employees were moved at government expense whenever there was a *permanent* change of station. Since that date, such expenses will be defrayed only once by the government. The reason is the wartime necessity of more frequent transfers in the greatly expanded Army and the consequent intolerable burden on transportation systems.

* * *

Will you please tell me what kind of discharge is given under Section X, Army Regulation 615-360?

W. E. J., Elmira, N. Y.

It provides for an honorable discharge for the convenience of the government. For example, it might be granted for an enlisted man to accept a commission in another one of the armed services or an appointment as warrant officer.

* * *

I have been turned down by both the Marine Corps and the Navy because I am 6 feet 4¼ inches tall. I am sure I have seen and talked to Marines and sailors bigger than I am. What harm can my extra elevation possibly do? I am really burned up.

Aggravated, Altoona, Pa.

That's one of the unluckiest quarter inches I've ever heard of. The Army's maximum height limit is 76 inches and I believe that it is the same in the other forces. If you can't get a waiver you'll just have to stay burned up. But can't you shrink that quarter inch somehow?

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

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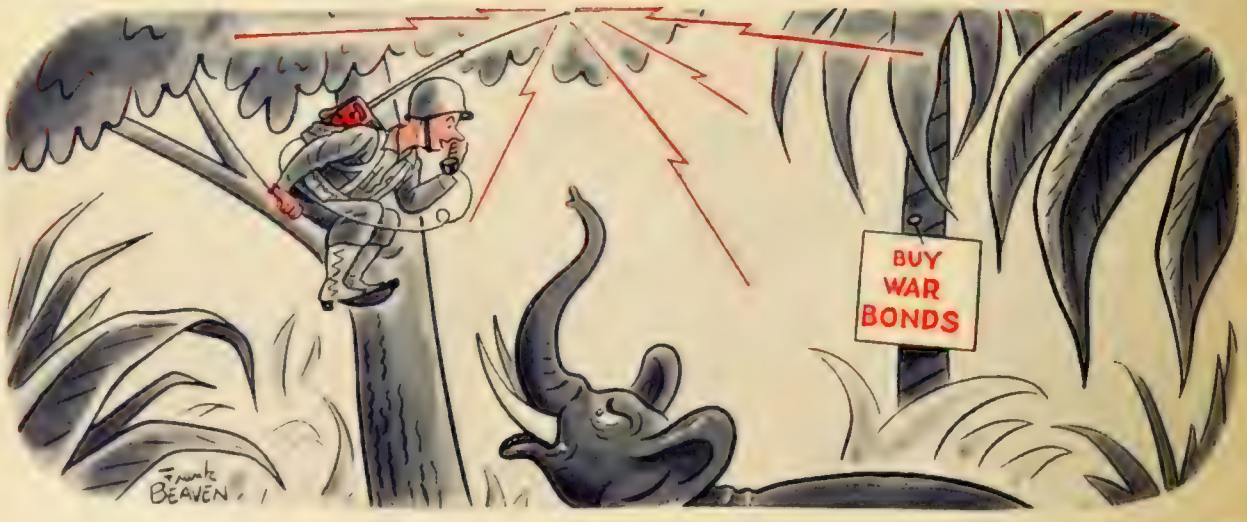

"You'd better bring an anti-tank gun and a bag of peanuts."

One of the important uses of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" portable radio batteries by our armed forces is to furnish power for "walkie-talkies" (portable 2-way field radios). Because the armed forces are taking all we can make, there are none available for civilians.

EVEREADY

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WHAT'S LEFT OF HITLER'S AIR FORCE?

Continued from Page 13

of war-mad men have ever conceived. It made the 120,000 square miles the Nazis captured in the Ukraine and the Caucasus last summer, and have since been losing with great speed, one of the most costly pieces of real estate in the annals of war. With fewer planes to lose, the Luftwaffe last summer and fall lost on a single front as many as on two in the previous year. Throughout the summer 3,000 German planes a month died, more than half of them in the furnace of Stalingrad.

WHEN this winter's general Soviet offensive ended German attempts to expand the Nazi hand hold on the Russian jugular vein—the Volga—the day-to-day strength of the Luftwaffe was once more down to 4,000 bombers and fighters, or less (plus 11,000 to 14,000 reserves). Four thousand planes are not many less than 4,500, Germany's end-of-the-campaign strength in 1941. But the Luftwaffe's position today is graver than the figures suggest, for this winter it has had little chance to recuperate. Four developments have conspired to bring this about.

Of the possibilities for which the Nazis had to prepare as 1941 drew to a close, almost the most remote was an Allied invasion of Europe from the south. Heavy Luftwaffe garrisons were needed below Germany only in Sicily and southern Italy, to command the central Mediterranean. Now that we are in Africa, however, things are different. Instead of idling through the cold months, many a German air squadron has been on active duty in the Mediterranean. Moreover, the pace of the air struggle over Tunisia has been swifter than ever it was in Libya and Egypt.

Another development is the ever greater weight of attacks on Germany and occupied Europe by the R. A. F. and the growing United States Army Air Force units in England. Air attacks alone cannot make Germany quit. Yet the Reich obviously can't ignore them, lest unharried Allied bombers accomplish even greater damage than they now do. Antiraid defense is thus a constantly increasing drain on the Reich's resources in the air.

As a result of the Russian winter haymakers and the frantic German effort to ring the Continent in an unbreakable band of steel, the High Command has been able to furlough few soldiers for temporary factory work. So this year there has been hardly any winter increase in the flow of airplanes to the Luftwaffe.

As a matter of fact, Hitler's mighty arsenals are slowing down. The Reich is in the grip of a critical manpower shortage, caused by the astronomical German casualties in Russia. The shortage comes just when our active participation in the fighting is doubling and tripling the arms requirements of the Nazi army, navy, and air force.

Want of man power has compelled the Nazis to lift their ban on foreign arms workers in Germany and to reopen factories in the occupied countries. Today foreign workmen—even Poles and Ukrainians forcibly deported to the Reich—are at work in nearly every large German air plant. In addition, factories in France, Belgium, Holland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Poland are all producing planes or parts for Hitler.

The new policy, however, has not been a success. The reopened foreign plants have contributed only a few hundred planes a month so far, instead of the 1,000 for which the Nazis had hoped. Nor, of course, do foreign "chain gangees" work efficiently in the Herrenvolk's arsenals.

The Luftwaffe, consequently, is receiving far fewer planes than last winter—those most familiar with German air plants say not more than 2,000 fighters and bombers every thirty days.

Every time a plane is shot down over enemy territory, and half the times over your own, a crew as well as a plane is gone. The last year and a half, therefore, have not only shrunk the Luftwaffe materially but have thinned its ranks as well. Since it takes even the most fanatical member of the Hitler Youth longer to learn to fly a plane than a factory to build one, the Germans may now be shorter of personnel than of planes.

There is no reason yet, however, to believe that losses have compelled the Nazis to send any number of only partly trained men into action. Nor has any real decline in the quality of German aircraft become noticeable.

IN the three and a half years since September, 1939, the Luftwaffe has lost from all causes on all fronts at least 65,000 combat planes. To the R. A. F. goes direct credit for 10,000 of these, shot down in battle and reported in British communiqués, and for 10,000 more—those whose end the British did not see and those worn out or wrecked on the Anglo-German air fronts. In the balance book of war the ceaseless activities of the R. A. F. Fighter Command are fully as important as the more spectacular bomber offensives over Germany. The Red Air Force is responsible for the destruction of an even larger number of Luftwaffe men and machines.

We ourselves, of course, have not had more than token air-force units in and around Europe long enough to have made an appreciable addition to the punishment the British and Russians have handed the Luftwaffe. But we are now doing very much better and will do better still this spring.

If we and the British launch a land, sea, and air offensive from the west, Luftwaffe boss Göring and Chief of Staff Jesschonnek will find their present difficulties, great as they are, small indeed.

One thing is clear. The Luftwaffe will never regain the power that made it the most deadly air weapon on earth. This year's Allied offensives will shrink it faster and further while United Nations front-line air strength increases daily.

THE END

FIGHT—FIGHT—FIGHT

Don't let the headlines throw you,
They're only printer's ink;
And don't let bad news get you down,
But just relax and think
Of all the folks in history
Who got an awful fright
But won, the same as we will,
If we fight, fight, fight.

Daniel in the lions' den,
Jonah in the dark;
Noah had no water wings
And so he built the Ark.
But if we have just "what it takes,"
We're bound to be all right
To slap the Japs and change the maps
And fight, fight, fight.

So, riveters and welders,
And gobs, and WAVES, and WAACS,
Brave doughboys in the trenches,
And the folks who pay the tax:
We all have got our special job
The sneaky foe to smite,
With "blood, and tears, and toil, and sweat"
We'll fight, fight, fight.

—HENRY A. MURPHY.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ruth Kirke and her uncle try to calm the terrified children when the Japs bomb their mission school.

Timothy sides with Ruth when the infuriated commodore discovers the stowaway refugee children on his ship.

Tom and Ruth and the rescued commodore work out a happy solution for the fate of the little refugees.

BY HARRIET GOULD

THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY

GETTING child stars over the hump of adolescence into maturity always seems to make the movie moguls nervous. Sometimes the young stars are placed not too gently on the shelf, but generally producers try to rush the prodigies through that "awkward age"—especially when the problem child is as valuable a piece of property as the pretty and talented Deanna Durbin. Four years ago, when First Love was released, the ads proclaimed, "The whole world has waited for this moment—Deanna's first kiss." In Spring Parade, she had her "first love affair." In Nice Girl, the blurbs announced her "first sophisticated role." Yet, no matter what the ads said, Deanna still seemed to be merely playing at being a big girl.

But The Amazing Mrs. Holliday is conclusive and delightful evidence that twenty-two-year-old Deanna Durbin has really grown up. The change is not simply a matter of her donning sequins. For the first time she is seen as a matured, graceful, and beautiful young woman.

In her latest comedy-melodrama, Deanna plays the part of Ruth Kirke, an American teacher in China who is forced to evacuate a group of refugee children. Along with Timothy (Barry Fitzgerald), a cocky little steward, they are the sole survivors of a torpedoed ship that old Commodore Holliday was bringing to San Francisco. The children are at first refused admittance to this country. Timothy and Deanna tell the wealthy Holliday family that she is the commodore's widow—and the family is forced to take her and the children in. Complications pile up when Tom (Edmond O'Brien), the commodore's grandson, falls in love with Ruth and the bewildered commodore turns up, very much alive.

The story, though thin, is at times extremely moving. Like many recent pictures, it derives strength from the wide-eyed innocent children and their reactions to the horrors of war. The children are also responsible for the charming lullabies Deanna sings—and she does them with that same pure effortless tone. But it is not her singing alone which distinguishes her latest picture. It is her newfound maturity and expert handling of an almost straight dramatic role.

(Universal.)

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

(United Artists)

A LITTLE picture about one of the little people in the war, this British film has more than a little warmth and force to its credit. A lone Englishman (Tommy Trinder) goes to France to save an important machine from falling into the hands of a Quisling French mayor (Robert Morley) and the advancing Nazis. He picks up an American girl (Constance Cummings), two Tommies with a truck, and some kids. Their hectic dash for freedom—sometimes amusing and sometimes tense—is faintly reminiscent of The Pied Piper and One of Our Aircraft Is Missing.

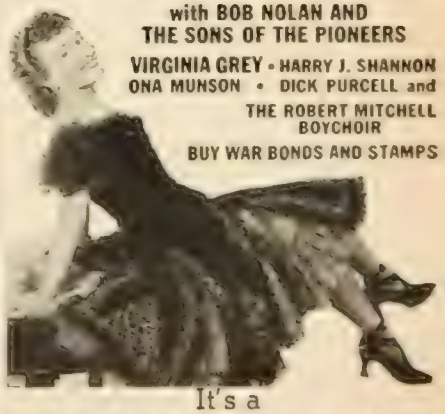
FIVE SHORT SUBJECTS

(OWI Film Unit)

THESE one-reel shorts (Paratroops, Troop Train, Mission Accomplished, Farmer at War, Army Food) are the first of a series filmed by the OWI for wide distribution in local theaters. Done with an almost newsreel authenticity, they prove conclusively that the screen is one of the best mediums for telling the government's story. Paratroops, which deals with the training of such units, and Mission Accomplished, showing the actual bombing of Germany by B-17s, are as gripping as any Hollywood thriller.

It's a
BIG PICTURE
THE KING OF THE COWBOYS IS ON THE WAY IN HIS MOST EXCITING HIT!

ROY ROGERS
in a picture as big as its mighty setting—filled with action, laughter and song!
and SMILEY BURNETTE in
IDAHO
with BOB NOLAN AND THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS
VIRGINIA GREY • HARRY J. SHANNON
ONA MUNSON • DICK PURCELL and
THE ROBERT MITCHELL BOYCHOIR
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

LIONEL BARRYMORE

JUDY GARLAND

ROBERT YOUNG

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID
JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO) Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles	*Thriller* (American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels).	Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43)
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid	*Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco)	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia) Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke	*Drama* (peace-loving Norwegians rise and fight back at the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of their country)	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
FOR ME AND MY GAL (M-G-M) Judy Garland, Gene Kelly	*Musical drama* (much song and dance in this saga of vaudeville's heyday during the last war).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) Noel Coward	*Drama* (the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET (M-G-M) Robert Young, Laraine Day	*War drama* (two bomb-blitzed children tangle the heartstrings of an American couple in London)	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (20th-Fox) Monty Woolley, Ida Lupino	*Comic melodrama* (the bottle or the theater?—a broken-down actor attempts a comeback)	Dialogue, direction, and acting compensate for unoriginal plot. (1-9-43)
MARGIN FOR ERROR (20th-Fox) Joan Bennett, Milton Berle, and Otto Preminger	*Comedy* (Patrolman Moe Finkelstein is ordered to guard the Nazi consul in prewar New York).	Sloppy rewriting and slow direction of Clare Luce's successful stage play. (2-27-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
PITTSBURGH (Universal) Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott	*Melodrama* (lusty story of the rise of two coal miners with the aid of a beautiful woman).	Effective propaganda . . . good entertainment, too . . . sure to please. (1-9-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) Ronald Colman, Greer Garson	*Love story* (the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) Donald Duck, Goofy	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).	Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten	*Thriller* (an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom—until a shadow of doubt enters).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton	*Navy drama* (conflict, jealousy, and fourteen rescued babies on a destroyer in a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM (Paramount) All-star cast	*Musical comedy* (Paramount presents all its properties—stars, producers, and sets—in an amusing package).	Pace and polish of a Broadway musical, but with more plot. (1-30-43)
THE BLACK SWAN (20th-Fox) Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara	*Sea thriller* (beautiful technicolor records bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Will linger as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount) Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings and talking camels on the African desert).	Moviegoers will roll in the aisles . . . Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)

U. S. vs. SYPHILIS

Continued from Page 30

of the cured patients to useful existence in decent society. Jobs are given them, or, if they need it, they get training in vocational schools.

After the prostitutes, the next group who may be treated is the men who were rejected in the draft because they had syphilis. The Public Health Service knows, from the army records, where each may be found. And as room is made for them in the hospitals they will be asked to come in for treatment. If they do not come voluntarily, they likewise will be seized and isolated and cured.

None of this means, of course, that the old long-term method of treating syphilis has been abandoned. Quite the contrary. The sensible, sober-minded person with a genuine interest in his own health might very well prefer that less radical treatment under the care of his own physician. The old style of dosage is still very effective, and requires no hospitalization; just stamina and determination.

WE may not really be able to wipe out syphilis in America as the Scandinavians managed to do. But it is well worth the try. Even if we cut it down to 50 per cent of its current prevalence, it would still be worth the try. And that means your own personal try. If you think you have syphilis, don't toss through sleepless nights worrying about it. Go to your doctor if you can afford it. Otherwise, go to your local Public Health authorities—state or city or county or nationa.. If some one you meet or know seems to have syphilis, don't run away. As tactfully and as humanely as you possibly can, persuade that person to see a doctor.

I can remember when people whispered behind a lifted hand the word "cancer." Hundreds of devoted men and women had to work for years to erase the atmosphere of shame and stigma from cancer. Syphilis is still for many of us a word too embarrassing to say in a natural voice. Let's stop that. Syphilis is a disease. It is a very bad one. It can be cured. The skill and resources of our United States Public Health Service and all the state Public Health services are now thrown into the fight against it.

All that is needed now is for each one of us who is afflicted with the disease to take advantage of those treatments, and come out of them sound and self-respecting.

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK *By FRANK W. BROCK*

FROZEN

IN November 28 Liberty this department warned readers against dangerous automobile antifreeze mixtures containing calcium chloride and other corrosive ingredients. Then things began to pop.

An cutraged Texas manufacturer of a calcium-chloride compound wrote that his business had been damaged, and said, "The matter is being referred to counsel."

Counsel for a Massachusetts manufacturer of another calcium-chloride product sent a form letter to his client's complainants: "Certain difficulties which did not show up in the laboratory have caused trouble in actual use. . . . Until all claims for damage are filed it will not be possible to determine whether the company has the financial resources to pay your claim."

Finally, on January 20, the War Production Board issued a general order banning the manufacture of all "deleterious antifreeze solutions" compounded with inorganic salts, including calcium chloride, sodium chloride, and magnesium chloride.

"Their use," says the WPB, "involving actual destruction of thousands of motor vehicles, has been studied by a committee composed of representatives of the National Bureau of Standards, Office of Defense Transportation, and Office of Price Administration."

Liberty's readers who heeded the original warning avoided trouble and expense.

Other "dopes" which snare motorists' dollars—most of which have been discussed in this column—are described in an excellent twelve-page booklet, War-time Cure-alls—for Your Automobile. For a three-cent stamp it may be obtained from any of the following Better Business Bureaus: Buffalo, N. Y., 514 Ellicott Square; Boston, Mass., 52 Chauncy Street; Indianapolis, Ind., 930 Lemcke Building; New Orleans, La., 615 Audubon Building; Milwaukee, Wis., 710 N. Plankinton Avenue.

ON THE BEAM

Continued from Page 9

Lee, born about the time his father was taking to the air, is a co pilot with United.

Liquid Weapon

One of the reasons why the United Nations are rapidly approaching air superiority over the Axis is the all-important item of fuel. And it isn't the quantity so much as the quality that is helping to push the Axis out of the air. The secret is 100-octane aviation gasoline, developed in the United States only a few years ago and now being used on all major fighting fronts.

High-octane gasoline is a synthetic fuel consisting of a base stock of regular gasoline to which is added a chemical blending agent to raise the octane rating, plus tetraethyl lead. A few years ago only 87-octane aviation fuel could be obtained, but starting in 1935 the Army Air Corps encouraged the oil companies to develop 100-octane fuel. Today a great many millions of gallons, far exceeding the predictions of prewar days, are being manufactured.

High-octane gasoline was developed to eliminate knocking in the internal-combustion engine. But not only is it more efficient—it is more economical. An engine will use 20 per cent less 100-octane gasoline than 87-octane, hence United States planes can take advantage of this fuel economy by carrying heavier loads, or flying greater distances, or flying faster, with the increased power the 100-octane gas provides.

The Nazis have nothing comparable, and the results are beginning to tell.

Old "Youngsters"

The "new" military planes now fighting the world over were designed and developed years before the global war got under way. The British Hurricane was produced in 1934, and the famous Spitfire, pride of British fighters, made test flights in 1936—seven years ago. The German Messerschmitt Me-109, the best Nazi fighter today, and our American Curtiss Hawk (P-40) both made their debuts in 1935.

Even the Nazi Focke-Wulf 190, which has been in the headlines lately, appeared in 1935, while the Nazi Junkers Ju-87, the well known dive bomber, is at least five years old and based on the dive-bombing technique developed by the American Navy and Marine Corps more than twenty years ago. The Jap Zero, only a surprise because of its flimsy construction, which gave it unexpected maneuverability, is a composite copy of many designs, including one noteworthy United States airplane. Nothing about the airplane is really new.

In the bomber class, the Nazi Heinkel 111 came out in 1935, and the British Wellington dates back six years. Our own Flying Fortress was test-flown in 1936. There are other famous military planes now seeing service on all fronts that were developed only a few years ago, but most of the "new" features stem from the basic designs dating back to the '30s.

Odds and Ends

Each Boeing Flying Fortress has six miles of wire of various sizes and types.

To attain the goal of 125,000 military aircraft set by the government for 1943, the United States will need 90 per cent of the 2,100,000,000 pounds of aluminum capacity in this country.

At Tex Rankin's Aeronautical Academy in Tulare, California, the instructors' wives have organized their own exclusive club, known as Alpha Mu Rho, which simply means Aviators' Mates of Rankin.

Rankin is one of the nation's pioneer daredevil flyers, but now conservatively operates a flying school.

Tough as the fighter whose name it bears, the Billy Mitchell B-25 bomber has seen action on all fronts.

HOW CAN WE PAY FOR THE WAR?

Continued from Page 20

always the result of ignorance, drift, and politics. Congress never seems to have the courage to levy as heavy taxes as are required in time of war. Instead, it falls back on borrowing or outright inflationary measures.

Thus, although borrowing may and should be used within rigidly prescribed limits, we must pay for the war to as large an extent as possible by taxation. Taxation is far more effective in cutting down unnecessary spending. When a man lends money to the government, he naturally counts it as part of his savings and has as much left for spending as ever. But if he pays exactly the same amount to the government in taxes, he will probably still try to save something and will not feel able to afford any luxuries. Moreover, taxation does not leave the government so encumbered by debts at the end of the war.

Too Much of a Good Thing

BUT—like borrowing—taxation, if uncontrolled, does carry certain dangers. If the tax rates are too high they may actually interfere with the prosecution of the war. If there were a tax of 100 per cent on wartime profits, business men would have no financial incentive for increasing their output or cutting down waste. Similarly, if a worker's wartime wage increases were wholly taxed away, he might feel he had nothing to gain by working harder than usual. This danger can readily be reduced by leaving the business man, or the worker, *part* of any increase in income that he achieves.

Although it is not possible to say with precision just what part of the cost of the war should be defrayed by taxation and what part by borrowing, the National Bureau of Economic Research, a wholly nonpolitical body, has made estimates which indicate that $15,000,000,000 more should be raised in taxes in 1943 than will be achieved by the taxes now on the statute books.

Using somewhat earlier figures than are now available, the National Bureau's experts estimated the government's total expenditure for the 1943 fiscal year as $76,000,000,000. It is assumed that one billion might be cut by curtailing nonmilitary expenditures. Furthermore, it is recognized that under certain conditions it is better to borrow than to tax. It is further believed that, making allowances for life-insurance premiums, house repairs, and emergencies, the first $20,000,000,000 in government borrowing would not be inflationary in effect.

This leaves some $55,000,000,000 to be provided for. Possibly an additional $15,000,000,000 of this might be borrowed without serious harm, but the remaining $40,000,000,000, according to the National Bureau, should be raised in taxes. Since the taxes already levied will yield only about $25,000,000,000, this leaves us $15,000,000,000 short of the goal. This $15,000,000,000 comprises an "inflationary gap." Spending must be further curtailed by this amount if the present price ceilings are to hold.

At first sight such an increase in taxes seems out of reason. But the National Bureau presents other figures which indicate that the increase is not only feasible but highly desirable. It is estimated that in the fiscal year of 1943 American consumers will have available a total income of some $109,000,000,000 for spending purposes. But as a result of rationing, shortages, and curtailment in production, there will be only about $61,000,000,000 worth of goods and services available for consumption. This leaves a surplus of some $48,000,000,000 which must be absorbed in new taxes or borrowed from individuals if prices are to be held down. The figure for the 1944 fiscal year will, of course, be substantially higher.

Let's Look Before We Tax

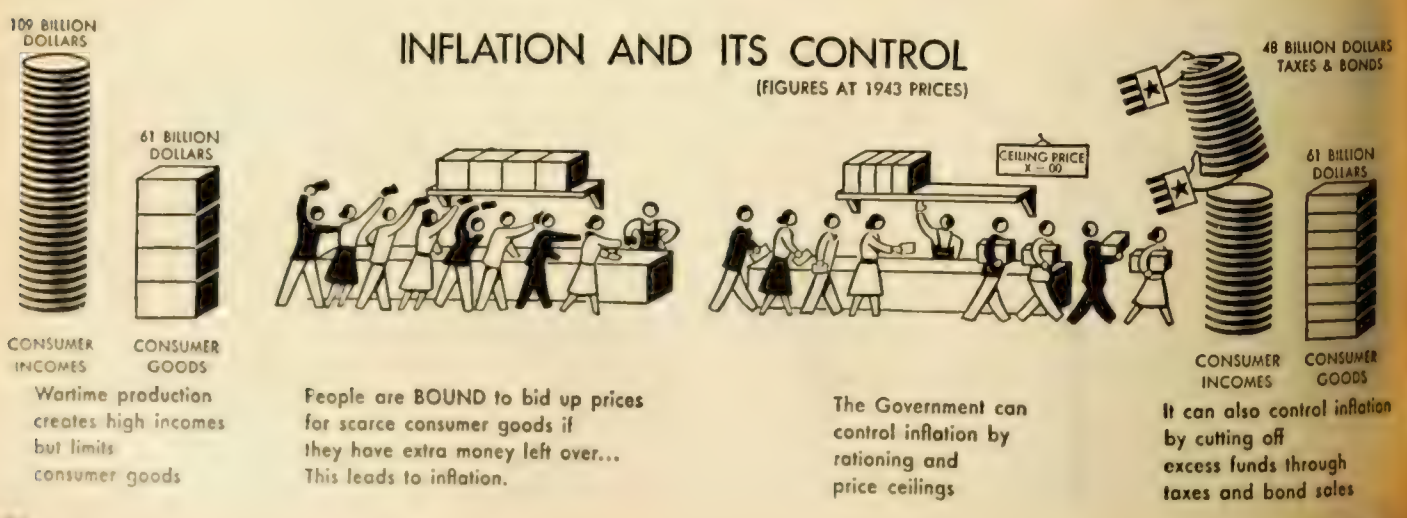
IN the past, taxes have too often been levied with an eye to political considerations. If we contemplate taking nearly a third of the national income in taxation, it is important that our tax program be studied carefully to make sure (1) that it is directed to cut down excess spending power where it exists, and (2) that it does not cut so deeply into the spending power of any group as to endanger health and wartime efficiency.

Before a new tax program is drawn up there should be a careful study not only of the amount of excess purchasing power created by the war but of the *distribution* of that surplus spending power by groups within our population. An ideal wartime program would attempt to cut all the excess spending power in the hands of each group. This would eliminate all danger of inflation. The further we are able to go in this direction, the fewer will be our postwar headaches.

Paying for the war is not, as we have seen, as simple a matter as is commonly supposed. A wise policy will necessarily be a complex policy. It will make provision for both borrowing and increased taxation. But it will endeavor, so far as humanly possible, to obtain the borrowed funds from every American household, by compulsion if necessary, in order to avoid the inflationary effects of borrowing from banks. As much reliance will be placed on taxation as is politically feasible.

The real danger, it is seen, is *not* "saddling future generations with today's debts." It is saddling them with twin disasters of inflation and slump that ill-advised policies of today can cause.

THE END


INFLATION AND ITS CONTROL
(FIGURES AT 1943 PRICES)
109 BILLION DOLLARS
61 BILLION DOLLARS
CONSUMER INCOMES
CONSUMER GOODS
Wartime production creates high incomes but limits consumer goods
People are BOUND to bid up prices for scarce consumer goods if they have extra money left over... This leads to inflation.
CEILING PRICE X — 00
The Government can control inflation by rationing and price ceilings
48 BILLION DOLLARS TAXES & BONDS
61 BILLION DOLLARS
CONSUMER INCOMES
CONSUMER GOODS
It can also control inflation by cutting off excess funds through taxes and bond sales

TRICKS of TRADES

RADIO sign language between the director and his performers functions with expressive economy of gesture, as he works behind glass doors in silence for the guidance of announcers and actors before the mike. Simple, colorful, sometimes to the point of brutality, the language of his hands speaks volumes, as may be gathered from these pictures.

Earl McGill, producer-director on C. B. S., posed for these photographs in which he demonstrates some of his most effective commands.

His imperious finger about to be dropped signals: Silence, you are now on the air. The show begins.

When the mob, chatterers, noisemakers see this imploring gesture, they must make more hubbub.

As if he were pulling on a rubber band means to the cast that they must stretch out the program.

On the contrary, this expressive signal demands that at all costs proceedings must be cut short.

He isn't warding off an offender with this dramatic movement, but saying: "Get closer to the mike!"

Two things are in this message: "We're ending right on the nose, and everything else is O. K."

THE SUN OF JOSHUA

Continued from Page 10

Colonel Washington inquired, "How's the new liniment, Dan?"

"Powerful. Powerful strong."

Another interval followed. Then Colonel Pickens came to the point. "Scouts have reported," he said.

"Yes?" The general strained his head sidewise to listen.

"Yes. They confirm your suspicion that Benny is planning a dawn surprise for us. It appears he forded the Pacolet early today and made camp near Gentleman Thompson's on Thickety Creek. Tomorrow morning his men have their marching orders for three o'clock."

Although he kept on rubbing, Mr Alderly felt himself an interloper—he had always imagined that staff conferences were tense and guarded affairs. Anyhow, the nickname "Benny" scarcely fitted such a redoubtable foeman as Colonel Banastre Tarleton.

"If we retreat much farther," said Pickens in his sad nasal voice, "our militia will desert in droves."

"And if we fight," added Washington, "they'll run."

Both spoke without rancor, as if merely restating an old dilemma.

The general sighed. "I reckon we'd better fight," he said. "We'll have time before dark to see how the land lays—" Here he paused to rear up indignantly. "Ouch! Young man, are you trying to flay me alive?"

Mr. Alderly blushed with the realization that inner excitement must have energized his efforts.

AFTER washing his hands he was awaiting dismissal when General Morgan thrust a portfolio of maps at him. Next it appeared his duty to assist the half-crippled commander into the saddle and follow a few paces to the rear.

The two colonels, walking at either stirrup, remarked that the Carolina seasons were growing colder. Behind the ragged forest line the winter sun sank dejectedly, and even its pale afterglow was left behind as the trail led through a second growth of pine and red oak.

A quarter of a mile from camp the thickets ended in a clearing of several hundred acres. Here and there a rotted post testified that the area had once been devoted to cowpens. The general drew rein, called for his maps and peered at them in the twilight. He rode about in vague little circles, studying the ground.

"We'll make a stand here," he said after some moments. "I've reconnoitered the whole district and I don't know a more likely spot."

Inevitably young Mr. Alderly referred to his copybook. Rocroi, Blenheim, Leuthen, Fontenoy—the very names of those bygone fields speeded the pulse like the ruffle of drums. Then it occurred to him, turning the pages in the dusk, that his own baptism of fire might be known to history by the bucolic designation, "Battle of the Cow-pens."

HE had, of course, supposed that an old Indian fighter would rely on strong natural defenses, perhaps even an ambuscade. But this expanse was broken only by two low parallel ridges which offered small protection for front or flank. A few miles to the rear, moreover, the river cut off all retreat in case of disaster. Plainly, neither Turenne nor Saxe nor Frederick would ever have approved such a position.

And now the two colonels sounded glum as they compared numbers. Tarleton, they estimated, led at least a thousand veteran troops, including three hundred dragoons and a few three-pounders. Against this force could be mustered nine hundred men, of whom nearly two thirds were raw militia. The American army had no artillery, and its eighty horsemen were reinforced by half as many novices mounted on nags from the baggage train.

As he dwelt on these handicaps Colonel Pickens wore a most forbidding expression. Colonel Washington, his plump features contorted, waged a losing struggle to hold his tongue.

"Dammit, man!" he exploded at last. "Have you thought that this ground provides no obstacles to hinder a flank attack?"

"That's why I chose it," drawled the general. "I aim to accommodate Benny."

"And how do you propose to stop our militia from running?"

"I don't," he chuckled. "On the contrary, I've a notion to put the recruits in front and *order* them to run."

This heresy drew a shocked silence.

"For six years," he continued, no longer amused and secretive, "we've been asking green country lads to hold their ground against the best regiments of Europe. When they took to their heels—a damned sensible thing to do—they were called 'poltroons' by patriots who've shed more ink than blood." He snorted. "Gentlemen, I don't know how to stop the militia from running . . . I simply propose to create a virtue out of an awkward necessity!"

For a time the stillness was broken only by Colonel Pickens respiring loudly through the nose. "Well, Dan," he muttered in a tone of resignation, "I reckon it's your frolic."

And on the way back to camp, with the horse finding the trail in the early darkness, good humor was restored. Both officers guffawed when their superior told an anecdote about his trials as a wagoner in the last war. They bade him a good evening at his tent, whereupon the general bellowed for some one to light his candles.

Again Mr. Alderly was awaiting dismissal when his youth betrayed him. As compensation for shyness he had these brash moments which left him in a dreadful state of embarrassment afterward. "Do you think we'll win tomorrow, sir?" he asked, flushed and eager. On an impulse he proffered his copybook: "It strikes me that our problem is like Frederick's at Rossbach—"

Here he faltered, overwhelmed.

General Morgan glanced at the diagram, then glanced at Mr. Alderly and humorous wrinkles sprang to the corners of his blue eyes. "Young man," he said, "there is only one general who ever led troops as unpredictable as American militia. And Joshua had to resort to miracles."

In his confusion Mr. Alderly essayed a pleasantry: "I didn't hold it possible, sir, for us to gain a victory like Gibeon."

"You didn't?" He seemed quite perturbed. "That is precisely the operation I had in mind! In fact, I don't see how we can win tomorrow unless we make the sun stand still."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Alderly.

The general adjusted iron-rimmed spectacles and read several maxims. He returned the copybook with a nod of approval. "The excellence of your script," he said thoughtfully, "reminds me that we have been neglecting our paper work."

As a consequence Mr. Alderly devoted his entire evening to the copying of reports and requisitions.

It was after midnight when the general returned from his conference with the regimental officers. He hobbled into the tent with the aid of a cane, his face weary. "Ensign," he said, "I want you to help me put the militia to bed. Some of the men are already scared."

He led the way up the regimental street. Even from a distance it was plain that too many recruits were abroad. Fear lay like a taint on the night air, as if emanating from the white faces about the campfires.

Within earshot of the first group the general's tone became suddenly jovial. "What's the matter, boys?" he called. "Can't you wait till morning to get at 'em?"

Sheepish grins denied any such fury. In the candor of the firelight some of the listeners appeared no more than fourteen years old. Others looked ragged and undernourished.

The general joined the circle, squatting on haunch and heel with a confidential air. "The best soldiers," he said, "are always tense as a fiddlestring the night before. Why, I recall a misfortune that happened to one of my riflemen at Saratoga—"

Mr. Alderly found the anecdote a little coarse, but the recruits gave it grateful mirth. Nor were they critical when the commander sent them off to bed with some outrageous bragging:

"Sure as you live, the old wagoner is going to crack his whip over Ban Tarleton in the morning!"

THE tableau repeated itself as he went from group to group, sometimes chiding, more often jesting or cajoling. Invariably the blank faces kindled, and the back-country lads grinned and squirmed as they shuffled off to their huts.

It seemed so simple that Mr. Alderly was moved to try. Upon recognizing several of his own soldiers he began hopefully, "Remember Saratoga, men! Tomorrow you will have a glorious opportunity—"

But the tone sounded flat, the words unfelt and pedantic. In a flash General Morgan came to the rescue. "You!" he cried, flattering the most gawky lad there. "You're thinking about your girl, aren't you? You're thinking how she'll hug you when you tell her about whipping the redcoats tomorrow."

His prodigious laugh led the chorus, but during their exit Mr. Alderly noted that the general was sweating despite the night chill. One eyelid drooped in a lugubrious wink, and he spoke the Old Testament words as if they were an incantation:

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon . . ."

For around this last campfire were gathered militiamen of another sort—no scared country boys these, but border ruffians such as are spawned by every civil war. General Morgan

NOTICE TO THE PRESS

Please correct the misreportage
Of a serious beef shortage.

Through our country's halls—and hallways—
Sound as many beefs as always.

—MARY WARD.

stood, unsmiling, his eyes flicking from face to face.

"I have never believed in flogging," he said, "as long as I could administer my own discipline." By way of illustration he held up a fist resembling both in color and proportions an old country-cured ham. "And if I catch any of you scoundrels deserting tomorrow—by Jehovah, I'll make you wish that you'd fallen in Tarleton's hands instead of mine!"

Turning on his heel, he tramped out of the firelight. Then, with the suddenness of collapse, he accepted a supporting arm, his burly form bent under a storm of pain.

IT was still dark when the drums sounded reveille. Mr. Alderly woke with a guilty start, for after rubbing the general's back he had gone to his quarters believing that he could never sleep. He alone of all the army knew how exhausted the leader was, how crushed under his load of care and fatigue.

In the midst of his forebodings a familiar bellow split the dawn: "Sentry! Where the devil is my bootjack? Why aren't the men piling out?"

Booming with new vitality, General Morgan charged through camp. After him commands exploded like firecrackers as the shivering recruits tumbled out of their huts.

Breakfast had scarcely been gulped down when the drums thundered the long roll. All ranks felt a choking sense of urgency as the militia column lurched out in the first pallid light of day. But the ten-minute march led merely to a deserted clearing, and after being declared "at ease" the men were plunged into a purgatory of waiting.

While they swore and swung their arms in the cold, Mr. Alderly sought his copybook with calm becoming an officer. Glancing about him to fix the positions of his models, he gripped the pencil in numb fingers and made three parallel marks. These stood for the three lines of the battle order—militia in front, Continentals holding the slope of the forward ridge, and Colonel Washington's horsemen in the rear. Mr. Alderly spaced his marks some two inches apart, indicating two hundred yards, and drew bold peaks in flattering depiction of the two low ridges.

He was deep in thought when a huge hand fell upon his shoulder. "Young man, have you figured how to make the sun stand still?"

"No, sir," he said, contriving a smile.

The general, however, was not jesting. "The Old Testament speaks in parables," he said, "but it can teach us tactics even in this modern

Wise Rhymes for These Times

1. Benjamin Rabbit
Has mastered the habit
Of doing the hard-to-do.
While others are worrying
Benny is hurrying—
Putting his war jobs through.

2. The light of his life
Is his beautiful wife
In the Motor Auxiliary Corps.
She leads the parades
With her dozens of aides,
And she does all she can for the war.

3. So they're wonderful mates
With a merger of traits
That are happily matched
for today.
And *here* is a clue
To a whiskey for you—
It is CALVERT that's blended
that way!

4. For CALVERT has lightness
And richness and *rightness*
In a blending as mellow as chimes.
It's whiskey perfection—
Your wisest selection—
The Happiest Blend for the times!

Clear Heads Choose

Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

age." Clucking to his horse, he added briskly, "See to the flints and priming of all your muskets, ensign."

He continued along the front, drawing rein for a few words with each platoon. And soon Mr. Alderly learned that the general actually meant to allow the militia to retire.

Colonel Pickens gave the order. Looking bleak and disapproving, he called the company officers forward in groups. It became their duty, he said, to make sure that the men fired at least two shots before withdrawing. All units were to file off to the left without confusion or haste, coming to an orderly halt in the rear.

A WATERY sun groped out of the mist, and still the recruits waited, their grumbling taking on a sharper note. Once more Mr. Alderly fumbled for his chronometer, just as an abrupt hush jerked his eyes toward the enemy riders emerging from the woods. They were mounted scouts in bottle-green uniforms preceding the main body.

His neck ached with suspense before the scarlet column burst with theatrical effect from the backdrop of the pines. At four hundred yards' distance the ranks of white breeches opened and shut with the precision of scissors. Bayonets gleamed in the sunlight, a bristling front of white crossbelts showed as the marchers snapped from column into line.

General Morgan's laugh put an end to awe. "Ever see a redcoat who could shoot for ducks?" he shouted. "Remember, only two volleys and you're free to retire!"

As a student of the art of war Mr. Alderly forced himself to follow the dispositions. Squadrons of green-coated dragoons had formed on both enemy wings, and two field pieces were being dragged into position. Meanwhile the militia had sent out picked marksmen as skirmishers.

Colonel Pickens called for a cheer, but the response failed. For at that instant the British cannon boomed and two round shot ricocheted through the ranks.

The recruits bore another discharge without flinching, even when the wounded were carried to the rear. Straightway the enemy array came on, closing each gap as the skirmishers' rifles sounded with a vicious crack, and the advance proceeded with a majestic tread.

The skirmishers sprinted back as Colonel Pickens waited for the foe to draw within extreme range. "Ready!" he shouted, and the two ranks leveled an assortment of muskets, frontier rifles, and old fowling pieces. "Fire at will!"

The shots crashed out unevenly, whipping up dense billows of smoke. A breathless little lull ensued, then the clatter of ramrods and firing pans led up to a swelling fusillade.

Mr. Alderly had a brief bright dream of glory while yelling encouragement. At least these young deer hunters could shoot! Instead of quitting after the required two rounds, many had already fired a third time into the haze of smoke.

Afterward it seemed a pity that this valiant haze should have caused the panic. With the enemy blotted from sight, it needed only a wild cry, *"Here they come!"* to unnerve recruits who had stood against cannon. A few weak spirits bolted, better men followed in blind fear of the unknown, and the militia was routed before Colonel Pickens could sanction a retirement.

There was a coppery taste in Mr. Alderly's mouth, and it came to him with a shock that he was running.

OF course the peril had not been imaginary after Tarleton's dragoons spurred forward in pursuit. Only a counterattack of Colonel Washington's troop enabled the column to reach the rear safely; and there the commander had posted Continentals with bayonets to bar any further flight.

This seemed the final disgrace—until General Morgan rode up to survey the panting fugitives. Sitting his horse in awful silence, he merely pointed to a British line that was still reforming after having been stopped cold by the militia.

It was small comfort to Ensign Alderly that great Frederick, too, had run from his first battle. He gulped hard to fight back the tears, and beside him a tall border youth sniffled angrily. Every face wore an entreating look, as if mutely asking pardon, but General Morgan turned his back.

"Get your men into ranks," he called to the officers as he rode up ahead. Pointing to the level ground behind the second ridge, he said drily, "There they ought to be safe."

Over his shoulder Mr. Alderly had a last glimpse of the Continentals, so direly outnumbered, as those war-bitten veterans met their ordeal. For at last the British wounded had been succored and the ranks formed again. The three-pounders flashed out on both wings and the scarlet line bore down on the thin blue line.

That picture remained after Mr. Alderly tore his eyes away. Nor could he forget his copybook maxims which discouraged a division of forces in the face of the enemy.

The ridge shut off all sight of the action. The only other troops in view were Colonel Washington's horsemen, whose leather helmets showed above the sky line in the left rear. Mr. Alderly remembered his duty, though every nerve was braced for the smash of musketry. It was a relief when the blast came.

The four militia ranks could only stare at the ridge, but each sound had its response in unconscious grimaces. Human nature finally won over discipline when a recruit was boosted high upon the shoulders of his comrades. Soon every platoon had an observer shouting excited reports: "We're holding!" or "We're giving it to 'em!"

AN angry bellow interrupted as General Morgan galloped over the slope. Standing in his stirrups, he delivered a tongue-lashing in a voice that must have carried a mile.

But an astonishing change had come over the militia. Men who only a moment ago had explored the depths of self-abasement were now resentful. They obeyed with sullen looks, and from the rear rank some one protested: "Give us a chance, gen'ral! We won't run no more."

The commander did not reprimand the culprit. Worse yet, he ignored him. And as he rode away, the militia had a cause—a burning and righteous cause upheld by a grievance.

The muttering in the ranks increased as the sounds of conflict drew nearer. Colonel Washington's horsemen vanished over the sky line, and still the Continentals appeared to be losing ground.

The next few minutes became torture for men condemned to mere listening. Mr. Alderly knew that the militia would soon be out of control. The strain had approached the breaking point when the commander's roar ripped through the silence:

"Here's your chance! Now show me what you can do."

The recruits executed a clumsy but eager right-face and followed him in a column of fours. At first the route led behind the ridge and parallel with the front. Then the leading files swung left and the panorama of battle was revealed—vague lines of struggling men and horses veiled by the smoke.

WARTIME ECONOMIES

We know now what that little man
Named Thoreau was about
In claiming that his riches grew—
By what he did without!

—HARRY LEE.

"Save your breath for the enemy!" bawled the general; but the militia broke into a jolting trot. It was beyond the reach of commands.

Another sharp swing to the left, and Mr. Alderly realized that since the rout the men had made nearly a complete circuit of the field. This last turn took them well behind the British left flank, and without faltering the column spread out into a disorderly wave of attack.

A rifle exploded a few feet from Mr. Alderly's ear. On both sides of him the men were stopping only long enough to fire before advancing with clubbed muskets. Then he went weak with dread as the line wavered. He saw recruits hesitating and looking to their officers for decisions. Mr. Alderly had a sick premonition of another rout until he saw what had happened. For there was no resistance! The surprise had been complete, and everywhere the redcoats were throwing down their arms.

The end came so abruptly that he felt numbed. It was not until afterward, in the curious stillness, that Mr. Alderly perceived how the enemy had been trapped. The Continentals had been the anvil, the militia the hammer. And there between them the broken scarlet ranks were still huddled in the middle of the field—a whole army appealing for mercy with uplifted hands!

FOR the next few hours the militia marched in the prisoners. Tarleton had escaped with a few dragoons but the ravine near camp was filled with British regulars.

When it was all over, the recruits fell into a weary lethargy varied by flashes of irritation. General Morgan set the mood. At five-minute intervals he bellowed like a wounded bull, and each time Mr. Alderly glanced up with a self-conscious start. He was trying to interest himself in his copybook when he heard his own name.

Outside the tent the sentry looked doleful. "The gen'ral is in a temper," he confided. "His back hurts."

Mr. Alderly stood at attention, facing the bulky figure bent over the cot. Once more his embarrassment led to boldness. "I think I understand now, sir," he blurted, "about Joshua and the sun."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir. It takes at least a year to train a regular soldier. But if a general can inspire a recruit with fighting spirit in a day—well, that's making the sun stand still!"

The commander nodded. "I reckon you figured it out."

But he did not seem interested in Biblical interpretations. At that moment a twinge overtook him, and he clapped a hand to his back. "Young man," he said sternly, "I summoned you here for a purpose. I want you to be my aide."

The fateful mist blurred Mr. Alderly's vision, and his throat felt too constricted for speech.

"The trouble is," growled the old frontiersman, "that we have no *tone* in our army. How does it look for me to be hollering every time I want somebody? What will our prisoners think of us? It would mean a promotion, ensign, if you care to accept."

"I'd—like to," choked Mr. Alderly. From the bottom of his soul he dragged the confession: "Perhaps you don't know—I ran this morning."

"Tush!" said the general. "A man isn't a soldier until he's been properly scared." His smile grew paternal and benevolent. "You write an excellent script. You are a student of the art of war. And besides—"

He removed his faded blue uniform coat. Amid groans he lay face-down on the cot, reaching behind to pull up his undershirt.

"Besides," said the general, relaxing contentedly, "I never knew any one who could rub a back so well."

THE END

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GUESS WHO SAID IT

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

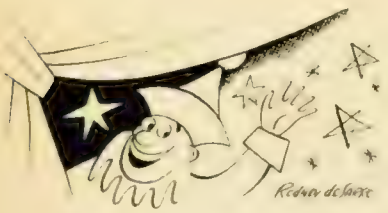
IF it's true, it doesn't matter who said it, but the game is to follow the clues and figure out what famous person is doing the speaking. Answers are on page 64.

1. A hunter, a fighter, the youngest man to become President said: *"The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer."*

2. *"The older I get the more I realize that a man is a fool to think of himself in the first person."* Stated by a Harvard man, droll writer, movie actor. Has mustache.

3. The railroad man who became America's top inventor said: *"As a cure for worrying, work is better than whisky."*

4. Great English actress, friend of Bernard Shaw, her initials a Latin word: *"Let the curtain come down on a smile."*



5. His life was portrayed on the screen by Paul Muni; a French scientist, who said: *"These three things—Work, Will, Success—fill the human existence."*

6. Every bride gets her book on how to "do" things in polite circles. She said: *"The walls that used to enclose the world that was fashionable are all down."*

7. There's a Civil War song about him; he came from Kansas; a revolutionist: *"Do not grow weary of well-doing."*

8. The great little man who had a tough time in Russia said this, which now seems silly: *"'Impossible!' That is not good French."* He died on an island.

9. *"I have no home. I am just a wanderer,"* this foreign movie actress said, but tradition states she was always going there. Once worked in a barbershop.

10. Journalist, ex-radio commentator, now important on war news, speaks his mind: *"We all despise the people who don't know what we know."*

THE COBRA'S COUSIN

Continued from Page 15

I would have done well to take Lucinda more seriously. June was funny on the phone.

"But, Johnny," she said, "why on earth didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"No time," I said. "I got the leave unexpectedly and here I am."

There was a pause. At length: "Well," June said, "you can come over tonight, of course. Only there'll —there'll be some one else here."

Was that so? I thought, and began to simmer slightly. But I kept control. "Tomorrow?" I suggested.

"If I can get a minute, Johnny." She sounded pretty doubtful. "You know how things are these days. There's my first-aid class in the morning, and I'm selling War Bonds at the movie theater in the afternoon. Then tomorrow night there's a skating party." That seemed to give her a happy thought. "I'll see you there, anyhow."

I HUNG up. Not so good. The Cobra's Cousin had been right. Forty-eight hours' leave, with some of it for traveling, seemed all too short in these circumstances.

It was with some hesitation that I went over to the Conroys' that evening. Normally, I'd never dream of crashing another guy's date. But I told myself that, in reality, Verne Hackett had crashed one of mine in a big way. Because I had a long-standing date to marry June Conroy. Verne knew that, as did the whole town.

June herself opened the door. And my heart, usually a pretty placid organ, did a backflip. She was more beautiful than even I had realized. Ash-blonde hair all alive with little red-and-gold fires; eyes blue as mountain lake water; cameo skin; a lovely slim figure. I kissed her chastely. I could have done much better if I hadn't seen, out of the corner of one eye, a pair of military-looking legs stretched out comfortably in the living room.

Then, in the living room, I realized once again the powers of observation possessed by the Cobra's Cousin. Verne Hackett *was* different.

I'd always thought of him as a wishy-washy sort of guy. Flat-chested, slope-shouldered, and with not so much as a flicker on the ball. But somewhere, in the army I supposed, he'd acquired stuff.

He had filled out. His eyes were clear and alert. They were dark eyes and now they seemed almost to snap. His chin, apparently, had ceased to give up the ghost. And the officer's uniform certainly helped the whole transformation along.

I shook hands with him and got another shock. In the past, Verne Hackett had proffered something that felt like a fried filet of sole served cold. Tonight he left my fingers tingling.

All this was not reassuring. Listening to the meanderings of the Cobra's Cousin in the drugstore I had been confident, blithe even. Now I saw that I'd underestimated the enemy.

That evening made me aware of two things, both of them undesirable: (1) I no longer felt that sense of possession, of being head man, where June Conroy was concerned; (2) Verne Hackett's conduct was unimpeachable.

Amplifying Number One, June treated both of us as if we belonged equally. She divided her attentions fifty-fifty. And did I burn, thinking of all the years when I'd been undisputed top dog!

As for Number Two, Verne Hackett, along with everything else, seemed to have acquired an easy, even urbane, technique. He was polite. He was agreeable. Never once, by word or gesture, did he refer to the fact that he was an officer and I a buck private, in the rear rank if truth be known. He put himself out to be courteous. And I knew darn well that, privately, June was impressed by his attitude. She couldn't help it. Verne was perfect.

Me, I'm afraid I cut no great figure. I couldn't get it out of my head that Verne was an interloper. Oh, I tried not to show it. I took a cue from him and strove for politeness. But, inside, I was edgy and irritable and more than once came within an ace of blowing a gasket.

SO time marched on to the accompaniment of meaningless small talk. Then, at a late hour, it was borne in upon me that Verne, for all his show of friendliness, meant to sit me out.

It wasn't anything that he did or said. It was just that, as the evening wore on, he adopted a kind of tolerant, but civil, air. As if he and June were a couple of old married people waiting for an uninvited guest to beat it.

I was trying to figure how to cope with this development when all at once June stifled a yawn, delicately, with the back of her hand.

That decided me. I would beat it. I'd give Verne Hackett a clear field for what remained of this night, and tomorrow I'd take over. After all, at this ungodly hour, he couldn't get far with a sleepy girl.

So I mumbled something about

being tired and cleared out, gambling on it that June would presently associate all the old associations and come to see that, highfalutin uniforms to the contrary, this had to be. However, she gave me no inkling as to her thoughts when she saw me to the door. She handed me another chaste kiss. Then the door clicked.

Well, I had proceeded about three yards toward the street when, "H'sst!" It was a terrific booming whisper. The army, desirous of waging a war of noise and nerves, could have used Lucinda Conroy. I turned back toward the porch.

The Cobra's Cousin was there, in a terry-cloth bathrobe. She'd evidently gained the veranda by means of the side door.

"Well, now, Johnny Gatley," she said, "you see how things are?"

I had seen, all right. But I wasn't minded to admit it to this little package of dynamite. "Go back to bed," I said. "You'll catch your death."

She paid no attention. "You're stupid, Johnny Gatley," she said. "You let him outstay you. And you told him you only had forty-eight hours' leave, didn't you?"

I said yes, I'd told him that.

THE appalling child did some cogitating, shivering there in the darkness. "You had better watch it, Johnny Gatley," she said at last. "Because Verne Hackett is just cleverer than you are. That is all."

It was all, for her. I marched her back to the side door and shoved her into the house.

"You're a terrible little snooper," I said. "You ought to be smothered in chloroform. And now you're going to get pneumonia, but I haven't time to dance at your funeral. In you go."

She railed at me: "You're a fool, Johnny Gatley. Just a big fool. You don't know from—"

I shut the door on her. . . .

The next day was Saturday. I was on the phone to June before breakfast, wangling a lunch date. At first she made heavy weather. She said she wouldn't have time to do more than grab a sandwich between the first-aid class and taking up her post at the movie theater. I said nonsense. And after some more hemming and hawing, she agreed to meet me at the Green Parrot Tearoom.

It was an ill-fated venture from the start. I was prompt, but June came a quarter of an hour late. This annoyed me and I said so.

"It seems to me," I said bluntly, "that you're giving me the next thing to the brush-off."

"That's absolutely unfair, Johnny," June said. "But you come home without giving me any notice and expect me to drop everything."

The way she said it, kind of snappishly, got me sore. Sore enough to commit a technical error for which I was sorry afterward.

"No such thing," I said. "But last night I did think that you might have dropped Verne Hackett for one evening. He's got a darn sight longer leave than I have."

June's blue eyes wavered away. "I'd already put Verne off two nights running. I couldn't go on doing it forever."

"Certainly not," I said acidly. "You couldn't put him off one more night for a guy you're supposed to be engaged to."

"Johnny," said June, and now she did look at me, eyes narrowed, "if you're going to be nasty, I'll simply walk out of here."

"Go ahead," I growled, "and see if I care."

I believe she'd have done it, too, but just then we got an interruption. There was a tramp of feet and something smart and snappy hove to beside us. Verne Hackett, blast his soul. And full of good cheer and *joie de vivre*.

"Why, hello," said Verne. "This is a surprise."

Nuts, I thought. His voice had a false ring and I suspected that he'd been looking all over town for June. And June seemed pleased that he had found her.

"Oh, Verne, how nice!" she said, the blue eyes sparkling. "Do sit down." She gave me a brief frosty glance and then deliberately made room for him on the red-leather wall bench on which she was seated.

I realized that she had seized this unexpected opportunity to punish me. And I could cheerfully have dropped her, and Verne Hackett too, into a meat chopper. How I got through the rest of that lunch without blowing up like a geyser, I'll never know. Maybe the army does something for your self-control. And self-control was sure what I needed. Because Verne Hackett simply took charge. He chattered along like a wound-up magpie and didn't say a thing. But June seemed to hang on his words in a way that gave me a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. The ghastly performance ended at last when she looked at her watch, started, and said, "Oh, goodness! Two o'clock. I'll have to fly."

VERNE HACKETT promptly beat me to another punch, by bouncing up and helping her into her coat. She said, in all-embracing fashion, "I'll see you both at the skating party tonight. Thanks for lunch, Johnny." Then she flew.

Out in the street, when I'd suppressed a desire to hang one on Verne's jaw and gotten rid of him, I turned morosely toward home. And something woolly came tearing along, nearly knocking me down.

It was the Cobra's Cousin in wild flight. I grabbed her.

"Where are you rushing to?" I demanded.

She looked up quickly. There was purpose etched on her somber face.

"Oh, it's you, Johnny Gatley," she

"Just look what six months in the chorus of This Is the Army has done to them!"

"Maddening, isn't it?"

said. "How did your lunch with June go?"

"Rotten," I said. "How did you know I had lunch with June?"

"I was listening this morning," said the Cobra's Cousin shamelessly, "on the extension in the library. I always do. Let me go now, Johnny Gatley. I've got to just reconnoiter."

"That's a big word for a little girl. What are you reconnoitering?"

"Wouldn't you just like to know?" said the Cobra's Cousin, darting up the street.

A strange child, this Lucinda. Strange and dangerous. I was rather glad she was on my side right now. But I doubted if even Lucinda's powers, great as they were, could help much. It was pretty obvious that June, my June, had fallen flat for this new edition of Verne Hackett.

WHEN the creek on the edge of our town freezes, skating parties become the order of the evening. The gang meets at Chick Hamill's house, which is on the creek, and from there we skate up to Blackford Dam, a distance of a couple of miles. At the dam we build a fire and have coffee and sandwiches, and sometimes we stick potatoes in the fire and let them roast until their jackets are black as a stovepipe.

When I got to Chick Hamill's the party was about ready to start off. I saw Verne Hackett right away. He was putting in the time doing figure eights. Verne always had been a nifty skater. And I noticed, furthermore, that he kept close to June.

Weaving in and out between the adults were a couple of the smaller fry. Chick Hamill's kid brother and —and I might have known it—Lucinda Conroy

"She would come," June told me. "I discouraged it, but mother overruled me. She pampers Lucinda. Here, Johnny! Carry these sandwiches, will you?"

"Since when," I said, my feathers being still ruffled, "have you been able to take time out from running the war to make sandwiches?"

"I didn't make them," said June. "Mother did."

Well, we started. I'd made up my mind that I was going to have some time alone with June tonight or know the reason why. So I stuck to her like a leech.

I am a fair leech. But Verne Hackett proved just as fair. He ranged himself on the other side of June. And there he stayed. I could have murdered him and jumped on the body.

Presently I was aware of still another leech. Lucinda. She'd come up out of nowhere and was keeping doggedly at my elbow. She didn't appear to want anything in particular.

It was a moment or two before June noticed Lucinda. When she did, she said irritably, "Why don't you go ahead, Lucinda? You're always hanging around."

"I like it here," the Cobra's Cousin said contentedly, and dropped behind us.

And so we approached Blackford Dam.

Just before you get there the creek makes almost a right-angle bend. A point of land juts out in a funny way, narrowing the water so that there isn't room to skate three abreast while making the turn.

"Single file here," said Verne Hackett. "You first, June."

Before he'd finished speaking he was behind her, his hands on the hips she didn't have, and guiding her around the bend. I was forced, ignominiously, into third place.

And then it happened.

One of Verne's skates must have caught in a crack in the ice suddenly, abruptly, so that it threw him off balance. He stopped short, his hands fell away from June, and he teetered, then staggered back toward me. I cut left to avoid him, but he gave a kind of desperate lunge, like a wounded bull, and smacked into me, hard.

I was knocked off stride beautifully. Willy-nilly, I went skidding over the ice. And Verne skidded right along with me.

Together we spun toward shore, which would have been perfectly all right except that, all at once, there came an ominous cracking sound. The next instant the ice gave way beneath my feet and I went almost to my neck in cold dark water. And a splash beside me indicated that Verne had been dunked likewise.

THERE wasn't the slightest danger. The shore was just a step away, and when I finally found my feet the water came only to my waist. But was I mad! And wet!

"You big dumb ox!" I yelled at Verne, completely disregarding the fact that he was Lieutenant Hackett and I Private Gatley.

"G-g-glup," said Verne. "Gee, I'm sorry, Johnny. Something threw me."

I smashed through flimsy ice toward land, he behind me. We scrambled out onto the bank, and when the wind hit me I felt like an icicle. I heard June calling the rest back.

Verne and I crawled along the bank until we found good ice and then got back on the creek. Chick Hamill came whizzing up.

"You fellows got any sense," he said, "you'll skate home quick."

"No, by gosh," I fumed, thinking only of June. "I'm staying, if it kills me. I'm . . ."

June herself interrupted: "Don't be silly, Johnny. You have to get back to camp tomorrow, you know."

That gave me pause. I knew my commanding officer. And I doubted if he'd look tolerantly on a late excuse having to do with a cold acquired by tumbling through the ice like a schoolboy.

"Oh, all right," I grumbled.

"By the way," said June, "what happened to the sandwiches?"

It was the last straw. That she could think of sandwiches at such a time! "They're at the bottom of the drink," I howled. "Dive for 'em."

And I turned for home. But not alone. Verne Hackett stayed right with me. All the way to Chick Hamill's house, where we'd left our shoes, he kept apologizing. . . .

When I got home, mom took one

look at me and whisked me into bed. Then she dosed me with every cold preventive under the sun.

"How you manage in the army, Johnny," she said, "I'll never know, because you can't take care of yourself at home."

I let this pass. I was too disgusted to talk. All I could think of was that my leave had been a Grade A washout. I hadn't done the thing I'd come home to do. I hadn't done anything except make a dope of myself.

I lay there in the dark fidgeting and wishing I'd had the luck to be sent to Australia or Ireland or some place. And then, just as I'd managed to induce a doze, the doorbell rang.

THAT disposed of the doze. But the next sound I heard brought me up in bed, wide-eyed. Because it was June's voice, addressing mom in the lower hall. And I heard her say, "I've simply got to see him, Mrs. Gatley, before he goes back."

I yammered something out loud because I was in mortal terror that mom wouldn't let her come up. But I could have relaxed. Footsteps sounded on the stairs. I switched on the light and grabbed a bathrobe.

June and mom came in, trailed by the Cobra's Cousin. June was still in her skating clothes. The wind had whipped rose petals into her cheeks. She looked wonderful.

"Johnny," she said, "how do you feel?"

"Great," I said. I actually did.

"I had to come, Johnny," June said, "because Lucinda has a theory about what happened tonight. And for once I believe she's right. Lucinda thinks that when Verne Hackett found out how short your leave was, he deliberately tried to keep you and me from—from having any time alone. Is that it, Lucinda?"

"Substantially," said the Cobra's Cousin, and took the floor.

"I just know it's so, Johnny Gatley," she said severely, "because the other night at our house he outsat you. And then today he butted in on your lunch. And after that he went skating all by himself. And do you know what he was doing? He had a big stick and he was sort of—of testing the ice all the way along. And he stopped testing it right at that bend. I know this because I followed him, on the other side of the creek. So," concluded Lucinda, "I am just sure he decided to push you onto that thin ice there and go in himself, too—to make it look like a real accident. He knew you would both have to go home then, but what did he care? He still has a lot of his leave left to —to . . ." She broke off, looking significantly at June.

I listened to this in amazement. "Ridiculous," I said. "Even Verne wouldn't pull a trick like that."

"Then why," said the Cobra's Cousin, "was he just gobbling these down all the while you were arguing about staying at the party tonight? He thought no one was looking at him, but I was. And he had on his gloves and he sort of fumbled and he dropped this on the ice." She opened a small fist to disclose an aspirin tablet. "Doesn't it just look as if he knew beforehand that he was going to fall in and he didn't want to take cold?"

"Really, Johnny," said June, "I think the child is right. She told me about it at the party, and when we got back to Chick's, I phoned Verne. I practically accused him of it. And he—well, he was evasive. And it was a dirty trick and I told him so." She paused. Then all at once she was at the bed, bending over me, despite the presence of mom and Lucinda. "Oh, Johnny!"

The Cobra's Cousin had taken up a strategic position in the doorway and was looking on with scientific interest. But mom fixed her wagon. She twitched Lucinda out.

"Johnny," June was saying, "I've been such a fool lately."

"Forget it," I said. "You wouldn't be the first girl to fall for an officer's uniform."

"Make it 'nearly fall,' Johnny," she said softly. "I must have been crazy. But I came to in time to see that—that your uniform is just as important as his. And anyhow, it isn't the uniform—it's who's inside it and . . . oh, Johnny darling, can't we just—just go on as we always have?"

Her lips were about three inches away. And I've always been pretty fair at bridging distances. I bridged this one. If heaven is anything like that, I want to go there some day. . . .

MOM'S precautions worked. I didn't even come close to getting a cold. In fact, on the station platform next morning, I felt swell. And then, before my train came, came Lucinda Conroy.

"I thought you'd be taking this train, Johnny Gatley," she said, without preamble, "and I decided to come down and see if everything is all right. Because last night June wouldn't tell me a thing. She just wouldn't. And after all my work."

"Well," I said, "I'll give you an inkling. June is a big bad sister to you. But you will find me a benevolent brother-in-law. Here's a dollar."

She took my gold. "You couldn't make it a dollar and twenty-five cents, could you?" she asked.

"It's possible," I said. "But why the extra quarter?"

"On Sundays," the Cobra's Cousin informed me, "I permit myself one soda. Thanks, Johnny Gatley."

My train roared in. I swung aboard. I put my thumb in my ear and waggled my fingers at my future relative-by-marriage.

"Well, so long, kid," I called.

"Oh, by the way, Johnny Gatley," shouted Lucinda as only Lucinda can shout. "I phoned up to see how Verne Hackett was. And his mother says he has the awfulest cold. I thought you'd just be glad to know."

Wasn't I, just!

THE END

"I'll be home about 4 A. M. Pretend you're asleep!"

bobbed. Up to then he hadn't been very handsome. So he went to a plastic surgeon—"one of these guys that runs a clip joint for noses," Berle called him. He didn't try to keep the operation a secret. In fact he proclaimed the news to the world. Again it was anything for a laugh.

"It's a pretty good nose as noses run," he screamed at the audience the day he introduced the new fixture in a Newark theater. "Now that I've got this, I'm going to Hollywood to do some nosereels. One girl I know told me I look like Taylor. 'Sure,' I said, 'my tailor.' Anyway, I have a lot of fun on my own hook!"

In his dressing room that day he continued to kid himself about the new nose. Every time the phone rang with a local call he grabbed the receiver and shouted, "Yes, Hollywood. Oh, yes, Mr. Goldwyn . . ." Yet, curiously enough, Hollywood did soon discover that he was pretty good-looking, and within a few weeks he was given a contract.

After an assortment of minor assignments he was finally starred in two pictures, Margin for Error and Over My Dead Body. But his pictures didn't give him enough chance for his special kind of comedy, so he came East and got in the Follies.

For Berle, Hollywood was one more place he could write gags about. When he returned to New York he said, "Things are certainly slow out there—Abbott and Costello haven't made a picture all day. And did I make pictures out there! Look at these snapshots! Hollywood gave me a swell new contract. Asked me if I would mind delivering it to Jimmy Cagney. What a trip I had coming in from California! I kissed Betty Grable so much my face went right through the picture frame. We made one stop while I went to an army camp, and what a welcome I got! The whole regiment got down on their knees. Boy, did we have a crap game!"

Berle can go on for hours like this—and invariably does. He is able to do it because he has a file of 850,000 jokes and a good memory for about 500 gags that he can call into play instantly. His conversation is filled with gags—or attempted gags. To the world that lies outside of gags and show business he doesn't pay much attention. The only books he reads are joke books.

FOR several years Berle was identified in the minds of many people as the comedian who had his mother sit in the audience and applaud his jokes. It's true that his mother was usually there. The largish gray-haired woman with the pince-nez was anxious to get the audience reaction to his material. But she was also part of the material. When there was a mere patter of hand clapping from one side of the house, Berle would say, "Thanks, mom." Sometimes that would bring a giggle from the other side. Jerking his head, he would say, "Oh, you moved!"

In that way Berle perpetuated the idea that his mother was out there working her palms to the bone. It wasn't good publicity—but it was publicity. The gag-stealing reputation, he says, came as a result of a meeting with a fellow comedian, the late Richey Craig, Jr., in the old Dave's Blue Room on Broadway. They discovered they were wearing identical suits.

Craig said, "You're not satisfied stealing my gags—now you're stealing my suits!"

Some one thought it was a good line and sent it to a columnist, who printed it and later tagged Berle The Thief of Bad Gags. Berle didn't care: anything to keep his name before the public. He knew he was going to be a great comedian some day. He seems to have been convinced of this since he was about five years old.

Recalling that childhood period now, Berle says, "Boy, those were hectic times, and when I say hectic, I mean exciting, because I don't know what hectic means. I won a cup for imitating Charlie Chaplin. It was worth one dollar, and was I proud! I used to take my relatives down to the pawnshop to see it."

The Berlingers were really poor. There were five children, and when Milton was still a baby his father was taken ill. His mother earned twenty-five dollars a week as a store detective, but that wasn't enough for a large family. They lived in a tenement building in Harlem.

Little Miltie clowned almost from the time he was born. When he was six his mother took him to the Vitagraph Studios, where he got his first acting job—a Little Lord Fauntleroy part. He was the child who was tied to the railroad tracks in The Perils of Pauline, and the one Marie Dressler clutched to her heart in Tillie's Punctured Romance.

He earned as much as fifty dollars a week. When he was thirteen he and a girl named Elizabeth Kennedy formed a vaudeville team that toured the country. On his return to Harlem, Milton showed the neighbor kids pictures of Milton Sills and other big stars—with Miltie somehow squeezed into the photograph. He became a neighborhood big shot.

Soon he hired himself a "secretary"—another kid—whose job it was to clip and file jokes. Milton branched into a "single." When he was fifteen he was commanding up to $150 a week. He studied gags, both his own and other comedians', and finally made the Palace when another comic became ill. He was an enormous hit and stayed for several weeks. He was then twenty-two.

SINCE then Berle has often astonished theater managers in the larger cities with his drawing power. In Chicago once, the management of the Oriental hesitated to meet his demand for $10,000 a week and asked him to take 50 per cent of the receipts instead. Berle was willing to gamble. The gross for the week was $39,600—so Berle got $19,800 for the week instead of $10,000. Today his earnings from stage, screen, and radio approach the fabulous. He is receiving a fat percentage of the gross receipts of the Follies.

Berle is married to beautiful Joyce Mathews, a former Hollywood actress. A friend maintains that when Berle proposed to her he said, "I want you for my wife," and, before she could answer him, quickly followed through with the old vaudeville punch line, "What on earth would your wife do with me?"

The Berles have a home in Beverly Hills. Milton has a total of fourteen people on his weekly payroll, but seldom has a dime in his pocket. It's the job of one of the employees to pay all bills. Though Berle is old enough now to manage most of his affairs, his mother—who's sixty-five—is still constantly asked for advice.

People who have followed the Berle career feel that it's the devotion—and shrewdness—of his mother that have brought him along the road to fame. And they tell a good story in that connection. One night, they say, she discovered there was a man in the front row taking down Milton's gags in a notebook. Leaving her seat, she marched down the aisle, snatched the notebook from the man, and chased him out of the theater. "Trying to steal Milton's jokes!" she cried. "Shame on you!"

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It? on Page 60.

1. Theodore Roosevelt.
2. Robert Benchley.
3. Thomas Edison.
4. Ellen Terry.
5. Louis Pasteur.
6. Emily Post.
7. John Brown.
8. Napoleon.
9. Greta Garbo.
10. Elmer Davis.

mittee of three officers and the Director of Women Pilots—"

He stopped because a young man with captain's bars came into the office. The captain sent a hesitant glance at Lennie.

"Sorry to interrupt, major," he said. "Thought you'd want to know I just had another call from Ferbly of the U. P. On the same matter."

Bill's brows contracted. "What the devil did he want this time?" It was obvious that the captain preferred not to talk in Lennie's presence, so Bill added with a trace of impatience, "It's all right. Go ahead. . . . Miss Chase, this is Captain Grant of Public Relations."

The captain bowed slightly. She could see something was wrong. Uneasiness began to gnaw at her.

"Ferbly says," Captain Grant reported in annoyance, "that we've been overruled. Seems Public Relations in Washington has no objection to a story on Miss Chase."

"Well, I'll be—" Bill checked himself.

"Ferbly just wanted us to know he wasn't doing it without official permission. Says he's going to interview Miss Chase when she gets home."

Lennie half rose, then fell back. She turned to Bill in protest. "I give you my word I had nothing to do with this."

But Bill was looking up at the captain, the muscles in his jaws lumpy. "Did Ferbly tell you where he got his lead on this story?"

"Ye-es." Captain Grant hesitated. "He said he got it this morning direct from Miss Chase's home."

LENNIE'S eyes were stupefied. Before she could utter a sound, Bill Keith laughed. It was a weary laugh, discouraged, and it held a note of surrender.

"Right from the horse's mouth," he said. "O. K., Steve. Thanks." He waved, and the captain left; and then he said to Lennie in the same hopeless, dragging tone, "Of course your house phones the United Press about what you're doing without your knowing it. Without your consent."

"Bill, I—"

"Let's skip it." He rose like a man exhausted and went to the window. "For a while you had me *believing* you'd reformed, Lennie. Really you did. I guess at heart I'm still the yokel boy from the Arkansas hills."

Lennie's mind, appalled, groped back to Amanda. Amanda was the only one who knew where she was going; she always left word of her whereabouts with Amanda. But it was inconceivable that the woman had called the newspapers. In all the years of her service she had never done a thing like that. There was no reason for it.

"In some ways," Bill said from the window, as if talking to himself, "you're one of the swellest persons I've ever met, Lennie. I've watched you long enough to know you can be generous, clever, full of life and sparkle—when you want to be. And you've got courage, too—plenty of courage. It took guts to make some of the flights you made. I used to admire all that. In fact, I—I fell in love with you once. Did you know that?"

She was still too shocked to answer.

"Head over heels in love," he said. "I even began to brag about you. Once, in Miami, when a guy said you were nothing but a headline flyer—and said it with contempt—I almost broke my fist on his jaw. I thought you were one in a million, without flaws. And then it had to turn out you had only one god, and his name is Publicity."

He turned from the window. In his lean dark face she saw all the bitterness and cynicism that had been there after the Eddie Bonham tragedy. It terrified her. She had an impulse to run into his arms, to plead with him and force him to see he was wrong in his estimate of her. But she could only sit still, listening in agony to his weary denunciation.

"When I spoke to you last night," he went on, "I hoped you'd got over it. I hoped you'd had your fill of it. After all, there ought to be a limit to what a girl will do for a headline, and I thought you'd hit that limit last year. But no." He smiled in that bitter way. "It's the same old story, isn't it? You sit here looking as innocent and beautiful as an angel—more beautiful than ever—swearing you don't want a word of this to get into the papers, and meanwhile you've fixed it for everybody to know Eleanor Chase is going patriotic in a big way."

As his words kept lashing her, Lennie could feel anguish turn to resentment, and then to anger. It rose through her like fire, burning higher and more fiercely.

Bill came back to the desk.

"Well," he sighed, "there we are. Maybe I'll be called on, as usual, to sit on that committee of admissions. I'll know damned well you're coming in for the same old reason. Haven't hit the headlines in a year, and it's time America was reminded of Eleanor Chase. Still, I'll pass you, I

HARDTACK

"We'll be home shortly, dad. Mom's reached the semifinals now!"

suppose, because we do need flyers like you—"

"*You won't pass me!*" Lennie sprang to her feet and her hands gripped the edge of the desk. Those inner fires consumed her now. Their fury trembled in her voice. She had come prepared to endure almost anything, but to be flayed for something she couldn't even explain was too much. She flung at him, "You won't pass me, because you won't get the chance! There was nothing I wanted more than to get into the WAFS. But I don't have to take *this* to get in! I don't have to stand for—for downright humiliation from you! I don't intend to get by just because you're big-hearted enough to overlook my—my scheming motives! When I go into a war job, I won't be obligated to you or to any one else! I won't have to be accepted as a fraud! As for getting past you and your committee with a sort of pardon for something I didn't do—to hell with joining the WAFS!"

SHE snatched up her purse and gloves. Her eyes flamed in a white face. She gave Bill Keith a look like a blow. Then she walked out of his office; walked out of Post Headquarters and went blindly toward the gate on Hog Swamp Road.

Two bombers roared over her head. She didn't even glance at them. There was more turmoil in her heart than in their motors. She went quickly, her slim figure in its gray-blue tweeds vivid against a background of drab barracks and grassless land.

When she had gone some fifty yards she found Major Bill Keith walking beside her. He looked grim.

"You just can't take it, can you?" he said. "You were perfectly willing to play the game on your own terms; but when it comes to playing it our way, without publicity, you want none of it."

She didn't even glance at him. She strode on, her eyes fiery, and he marched at her side.

"I hoped against all reason," he said. "I *wanted* you to come in. But if you can't come in with the usual fanfare—pictures and interviews—then it's to hell with joining the WAFS."

Lennie stopped in the middle of the road and faced him.

How she had ever let herself imagine she could love this man, she couldn't understand. Into her mind surged a determination to slap him down. She knew suddenly that she had to show him she was bigger than all his stupid, insulting accusations. She couldn't let herself be defeated by them. And to run away meant defeat. It meant allowing him to thwart every plan she had made.

There was only one way to crush Bill Keith. She turned back toward Post Headquarters. With the violence of her anger shaking in her words, she said:

"I'm going to see Mrs. Love. I'm going to fly, in spite of what you believe!" She even laughed—a harsh laugh full of derision. "To think I almost let *you* become more important than the war!"

IT was late in the evening when she reached home, but the two newspapermen were waiting. They were sitting in the foyer—pudgy Jim Ferbly with the bald head, and the lanky, red-haired photographer he had brought along.

"I'm sorry," Lennie said flatly. "No interview. No story. No pictures."

Ferbly stared at her in bewilderment. "But, Miss Chase—"

"Too bad you had to come out here for nothing. This is one time I can't oblige."

She went into the living room, and Ferbly, hat in hand, followed with protests. Standing in front of the fire, she pulled off the suède beret and tossed it to a settee. As she fluffed back her copper-colored hair, she listened to Ferbly with a frown. Her face was still as determined as it had been when she'd gone in to be interviewed by the Director of Women Pilots.

"I don't get it at all, Miss Chase," Ferbly argued. "What's wrong with telling the world you're joining the WAFS?"

"For one thing, it's against WAFS policy."

"If you'll forgive my saying so, that's a lot of hoopla they handed you down there. How can it hurt anybody if we play up your joining? The right kind of publicity might even do them a lot of good."

"What I get isn't the right kind of publicity."

"Now, look, Miss Chase. That isn't fair. Did we ever give you a bad break? The time you made that South American flight, I covered your home-coming myself. Sam, here, was on hand to get shots of you as you stepped out of the plane and gave the microphones a spiel. And that time you were found after you cracked up in the mountains—"

"Please!" she snapped. "I'm not complaining about the past. I'm just telling you there can't be any interviews on my joining the WAFS." And she thought, *All I ask is to be forgotten, to have that mountain crash forgotten.*

Ferbly rolled despairing eyes at his photographer. Then he turned back to Lennie.

"Maybe you don't see it in the right light, Miss Chase. Why, this kind of publicity is *patriotic*. Look what happened when Clark Gable became an aerial gunner. His picture hit every front page in America. Thousands of kids who'd never dreamed of becoming aerial gunners figured that what was good enough for Gable was good enough for them. So what happened? So there was a flood of recruits for gunners—just at the time when the army needed them most. And the same thing happened when Jimmy Stewart went into the Air Forces. Remember? The papers—"

"I'm not Gable and I'm not Stewart." Lennie was too tired to dispute the thing. She wanted only to be rid of these men.

"YOU could inspire thousands of women—"

"There aren't thousands of women who *could* be inspired to join the WAFS. There aren't more than a hundred in the whole country who qualify—and they can all be reached by letter, without ballyhoo. As for myself—well, I hope you'll excuse me. I'm exhausted."

She glanced at Amanda, who stood worriedly in the doorway.

"Joe can drive these gentlemen to the station," she said. And then, remembering something, she turned sharply to the bald newspaperman. "There's just one thing, Mr. Ferbly. How'd you come to tell New Castle you got your lead from my house?"

"Why, I did. That is, after I got a tip from the office." He nodded to Amanda. "*She* told me about it."

Amanda was distressed. "Did—did I do wrong, Miss Lennie? I mean, the way it happened, it wasn't nobody's fault—"

"How *did* it happen?"

"Your dad, he phoned right after you left. No more'n five minutes after you shut the door. I had a right to tell *him* you went to get into the WAFS, didn't I?"

FOOTNOTES

Love!

Lennie closed her eyes, ready to groan at her own stupidity.

"He was mighty proud to hear it, Miss Lennie." Amanda brightened hopefully. "Fit to sing, he sounded like. 'Bout an hour later this gen'l'man called from Washington. Says he hears you's goin' into the WAFS and could I tell him when. So I says, 'Mistuh, she's on her way there right now!' My goodness, Miss Lennie, it ain't nothin' to be ashamed of, is it?"

"No," Lennie almost moaned. "No."

So that was it! Simple enough to be laughable. Her father talking with injudicious pride to friends in Washington, and the swift grapevine of aviation circles doing the rest. She wished for one savage second that Bill Keith could hear this.

"You know, Miss Chase," said Ferbly, looking reflectively at his hat, "I don't want to push you around. I'm not asking you to do anything against your better judgment. After all, the world doesn't hang on whether I interview you or not. It's just a bit of human interest that might go nice on page three. And since the story's being run anyway, it might be better to get it straight from you—with appropriate comments on what a swell outfit the WAFS is, what fine work it's doing, et cetera, et cetera. You know the line."

LENNIE was aghast. "What—what do you mean, it's being run anyway?"

"Not a U. P. story. Not an A. P., either. Just a couple of boxes I noticed in the afternoon papers before I left Washington."

"No!"

"Uh-huh. You know the stuff they run. 'Eleanor Chase to join WAFS. Outstanding Flyer to Ferry Planes for Air Forces. . . . Mr. Walter C. Chase, the manufacturer of Chase Chaser pursuit planes, told friends in Washington today that his daughter planned to enlist in the WAFS. Less than a year ago Miss Chase was injured and her navigator was killed when her plane crashed. . . .' That sort of thing. Straight news. So why not give it your own slant? It'll get picked up all over the country anyhow, and you might as well have it told your own way."

Lennie didn't tell it her own way. When she had finally got rid of James Ferbly and his photographer, she sank hopelessly into a chair near the fire. She leaned back, eyes shut, and surrendered.

It was done, and she could no longer control it. When she faced the other members of the WAFS, they'd all be thinking the same thing: *She got what she wanted.* There'd be no evading their contempt.

And yet, that wasn't what agonized her. She could face the girls, all right. She could take anything they had to give. It was the visualization of Bill Keith's cynicism that tortured her. She tried to make herself believe his opinions were of no consequence. Once established at New Castle, she needn't have any further association with him. She could forget he was on the same field.

But it didn't help to tell herself that. She remembered his eyes in those moments when he'd softened: the unguarded moments when he'd admitted that once he had loved her. She had loved him, too. She'd never denied it to herself. Maybe she still loved him. You couldn't tear things like that out of your mind.

Amanda asked, "Miss Lennie, is you *in* them WAFS?"

"Practically," she sighed.

"Child, that's plain wonderful!"

"At least, I hope I'm in. I go for a flight test on Monday. If I pass—and get by a committee of officers—I start training in two weeks."

"You better phone your dad about it right now. He said for you to call an' tell him all about it soon's you got back."

Lennie nodded. She wanted to talk to her father. She wanted to beg him to say nothing more about her plans. But when she rose, she didn't at once go to the telephone. For the first time, she saw, on the piano in the shadows of a far corner, a vase full of huge American Beauties.

"Where did *they* come from?"

"Boy brung 'em out this afternoon," said Amanda. "Likely they're from your dad, to show how he feels. There's a card pasted up in an envelope."

Lennie crossed the room quickly. When she tore open the small square envelope, she read:

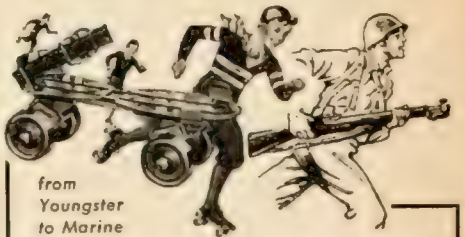
> Every rose carries my thanks. All's well here. Hope to see you tomorrow.
> ANDY ROGERS.

The lines of her face relaxed. If she interpreted the card correctly, it meant the flight over the German submarines had stirred no suspicion at Langley Field. She felt relieved for Andy.

And she thought, *Roses from the lieutenant, thorns from the major—it's been quite a day!*

MAJOR BILL KEITH sat in a corner chair at the Officers' Club that night, smoking his pipe and frowning at a sheet of paper on his knee. The paper bore instructions from the Air Surgeon's office—facts he'd have to memorize very soon.

THIS charming young lady is one of many thousands looking forward to a grand and glorious vacation. And won't she deserve it! Right now she's working in a war plant and vacations are "out" for the duration. But she's investing a lot of her earnings in War Bonds to cash in for that trip to the mountains or seashore after the war. Or maybe she'll want to get married. How about you? The more you spend for War Bonds and Stamps now, the more money you'll have later — and the quicker Hitler and Tojo will go down to defeat. Buy today. Buy every day. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.



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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

BRIGADEAR: A female officer of the military.

PRECIPICE-COPALIAN: A very high-churchman.

ELECTROCUTIE: A live-wire blonde.

DROMEDAIRY: A mama camel.

FAGTORY: Where cigarettes are made.

ANECKDOPE: A sap who sits on a sofa with a girl and only tells stories.

DIMOCRACY: The U. S. A. during a blackout.

SITIZENS: Those that are not doing much for the war effort.

QUALIFLY: Pass the Air Corps exam.

SCORNUCOPIA: Shorn of plenty.

[Contributors to this week's Fictionary in order of words listed are Esther W. Brown, Stella Weiler Taylor, George D. Guess, E. C. Newsom, Jr., Jacob H. Friesen, P. C. Thompson, James R. Jorgensen, Herbert M. Richmond, Nixon Palmer, Mona Williams. In duplication of accepted words, the first to reach us is the one paid for and used.]

But he found it difficult to concentrate on them.

Men were talking around him. Women too—the girls of the WAFS. It wasn't the noise, however, that came between his mind and the paper. It was Lennie.

He shifted his position and tried again to absorb the Chief Flight Surgeon's words:

When forced down in the desert, stop and think—then act—do not become panicky.

If you have been forced to resort to your parachute, make your way to the wrecked plane if it is not too far distant. Prepare some sort of signaling device, such as a piece of fuselage from which the paint has been scraped or a smoke smudge from oil and waste.

HE wondered if he had been unfair to Lennie. He wondered why his emotions about her were so confused—bitter and tender at the same time. His eyes, skipping a paragraph, went on reading:

Do not trust to instinct. Proceed only by instruments of navigation—sextant, stars, and compass. Travel light; take only the bare necessities from the plane—all the water and food, your compass and gun, first-aid kit, sunglasses, a knife, matches or a flint and steel, an improvised sun helmet, and a 10-foot square piece of silk cut from your parachute.

"Would you rather read that than fight with me?" a languid voice inquired.

Bill Keith looked up into the smile of Doris Taggart. He rose quickly, stuffing the paper into a pocket. Doris, in her WAFS uniform, was beautiful enough to be demoralizing. A dark girl with vivid lips and vivid eyes.

"Just got back," she said. "But I've already heard the news. Shall we fight here or outside?"

"I guess I'm slow on the take-off," Bill said. "Why do we have to fight anywhere?"

"Because of a lady named Chase."

Bill looked at Doris a moment, puzzled. Then he decided, "Yes, we'd *better* go out. You've got bullets in your eyes."

They walked along the dark road, ignoring the wind.

"Come in," he said. "The field's yours."

"I hear you introduced Lennie Chase to Mrs. Love and gave her a Grade-A recommendation."

"As a flyer, yes. As a flyer she's tops."

"I'm thinking of her as a person."

Bill Keith stopped. "Look here, Doris," he said tersely. "You're at war. Lennie has something that can help win, and so you take what she has to offer. What you feel about her personally has nothing to do with it."

"I can think of only one appropriate comment to that kind of talk. Nuts!"

Bill Keith found it necessary to swallow. It was a curious position for him to assume—defending Lennie Chase. Nevertheless he went into combat.

"You're seeing things the wrong way," he said. "We *need* flyers like Lennie. If she's got the courage to come in with us, we ought to make it as easy for her as we can. I—I may not always like the men I have to fly with; but once they become part of my crew, I forget that. What they did before the war doesn't concern me. They're fighting *with* me now. That's all that counts."

Doris looked up at the sky and laughed. "I wish you could see how unconvincing you look. You're not trying to persuade me. You're working on yourself."

To that he could not reply. He scowled toward the hangars.

"ONE of the things you overlooked," Doris went on, with a hint of mockery, "is that character still stands as a qualification for membership in the WAFS. That's why we have a committee of officers to question the girls and judge them."

"Well, when it comes to Lennie's character—"

"All right, Galahad. Don't get steamed up. We won't discuss it. The thing I wanted to know has been answered. If you sit on the officers' committee, you plan to pass her. Right?"

"Of course."

"Too bad. You'll be doing her an injustice."

"Why?"

"The girls aren't going to be friendly to Eleanor Chase. There's been talk, and I've heard it. They've never liked her. They won't like her now. Life out here is apt to be pretty hellish for her."

Bill's eyes became angry. "I have an idea, Doris, you're deliberately *planning* to make life hell for her."

"Well," Doris Taggart retorted, "why not? She made things pretty bad for me, didn't she?"

"I don't see how!"

"If you've got to have it in one-syllable words, I—I was gone on Eddie Bonham. I loved him."

Bill grunted. He didn't know what to say to that.

"So," Doris Taggart continued, "if you want to do Lennie Chase a favor, keep her out of the WAFS! Keep her away from *me*. I don't care what she does, as long as I don't have to stumble over her every time I walk into the barracks."

Bill shook his head. "This is where she'll do the most good," he insisted. "You've got to forget everything else."

"Well, I won't."

"Meaning you'll willfully make things hard?"

"I'll make things hell!"

He looked into her narrowed eyes.

The wind blew hard, but he scarcely felt it. "Doris," he whispered, "you're talking like a five-letter word beginning with *b*."

At that she gave him a smile that was cold with anger. Slowly, as though she were hardly interested in the gesture, she lifted her hand and slapped it across Bill Keith's mouth.

"And I'm not apologizing," she said. "You deserved that. I don't know why I go on liking a guy like you."

"Was—was there anything else you wanted to say?"

"Nothing. Only to ask you to keep Lennie out. But you won't, so that's that. Let her come and get it!"

Doris Taggart turned and started back for the Officers' Club.

IN the morning Lennie put on jodhpurs, bound a yellow band about her hair, and galloped Gilead, the big-boned black, along trails that followed the sea. The November wind was cold and sharp enough to sweep confusion out of her mind.

By the time she dismounted at the house in midmorning, she was flushed; her eyes shone. The ride had served one good purpose. She felt resolute again, and confident. Her thoughts were clear.

Joe, Amanda's scrawny husband, was coming for the horse when the porch door opened. The thickset figure of Walter Chase, in a cardigan and an old cap, came out to the steps.

Lennie stared at him in amazement. He had told her he wouldn't be back for weeks. The unexpected sight of him brought her a wave of delight. Abandoning Gilead to Joe, she ran to her father.

"What *is* this?" she demanded. "You're supposed to be turning out planes!"

He grinned. "Gave myself a morning off before leaving Washington for the plant. I hear you tried to phone me last night."

"There wasn't any answer."

"Just as well. I'd rather talk to you this way." He tucked her arm under his. "Let's walk. I want to hear all about this WAFS business."

"You already know what there is to tell."

"Signed up?"

"Yes."

They walked arm in arm, not too quickly, along the path that bordered Chase Field. To their left the sea glittered in morning sunshine. It was blue and whitecapped, and Lennie gazed over it appreciatively. Her father kept his eyes lowered.

"You know," he said, "when Amanda told me about it, I wanted to get up and cheer. I'd have cheered for anything that dragged you out of this seclusion." He paused and added more gravely: "It wasn't until later that I realized how much it would cost you—in nerve, I mean—to join the WAFS."

SHE glanced at him in surprise. "Don't think I don't know what you're going through, Lennie. I realized it all the more when I saw the items about you in yesterday's Washington papers."

"That's behind me now," she said with finality. "No use worrying about something I can't help."

"Honey, it's not going to be very easy to live with those other women flyers. Knowing your peculiar sensitivities about them—"

"I've been through all that with myself, dad."

"So have I, in these past few hours. I came home to make a suggestion. Frankly, I don't relish the idea of your having to work and live under the eyes of people like Doris Taggart. How about coming to the plant—instead of joining the WAFS?"

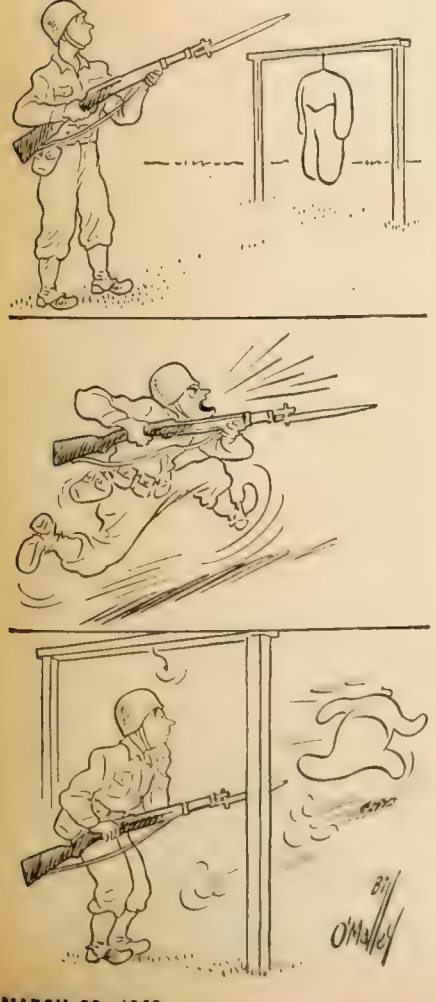
She looked at him in bewilderment. "The plant?"

"There's plenty you could do. As an instructor, for instance. You—"

"No, dad." She squeezed his arm. "You're a darling, as usual, and full of understanding. But—no!"

"Rather face the WAFS, would you?"

"I've got to! I'm not going to be



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scared out of it now. They'll probably give me the cold shoulder, but—I can't back down. It's too late."

"H'm."

"There's another reason, too. Remember Bill Keith?"

"Of course."

Lennie narrowed her eyes against the wind to peer across the sea. She determined, suddenly, to be frank. It was good to get some truths uttered so you could hear them.

"Dad, I don't know what there is about that man, but—I've got to make him change his mind about me. And I can't do it by running away from him."

Walter Chase blinked.

"You don't mean—good heavens, honey, you're not trying to tell me you—"

"Go on; say I'm crazy."

"No, not at all. As I remember Keith, he was quite a fellow. But, after all, his being so close to—uh—"

"Eddie Bonham," she said. "Yes, that's it. That's why he hates me. That's why I've got to make him, above all people, see he's wrong."

Walter Chase stopped walking. He looked hard at his daughter. "You in love with him, Lennie?"

"I either love him or hate him," she said grimly. "At New Castle I intend to find out which it is."

THEY walked on, silent. After a long time Walter Chase said: "Suppose you decide you love the guy."

"Then," she said, "I'll do something about it."

"Yes," he agreed dryly, "I'm sure you will. But what about Bill? How does *he* feel?"

"He's as confused about me as I am about him, I think. It's something he and I are going to have to work out together, somehow. Between fights."

They turned and walked back toward the house. Her arm still through her father's, Lennie could guess how shaken he must be behind his calm. It was the first time in her twenty-three years she had talked seriously about loving any man.

When they were within fifty yards of the house, Amanda came out on the porch. "Phone, Miss Lennie!" she called. She sounded frightened. "Better hurry!"

"Who is it?"

"Man says he's Headquarters at Langley Field!"

Has Lennie's flight with Andy Rogers been discovered? Will she have to face more disagreeable publicity and see her chance to get into the WAFS ruined? Read next week's chapter of this exciting story of a daring girl.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

A CORPORAL snapped to attention when Captain Hannah Jayne Ashby from Oklahoma ushered me into the Thirtieth WAAC Post Headquarters company barracks at Fort Sam Houston. "As you were," said the captain. The corporal had been ironing a brassiere. . . . Feminine touches like these make you realize lady soldiers aren't different from us under their uniforms. Lieutenant Pearl Wood told what a problem they were to old army sergeants teaching drill at the WAAC training camp in Des Moines. Sergeants ordered, "Right dress," then "Dress left," but couldn't straighten the lines front or rear. Muttering, the two old noncoms gave up. Female anatomy had them stumped. . . . Sounds strange to hear officers called ma'am instead of sir. "Ma'am, the company is formed." You never refer to WAAC rankers as girls. They're always enlisted women, women of the company, etc. No girls in this man's army? No, ma'am! . . . K. P. duty isn't punishment for WAACs. They were brought up on it. They were happy as larks in the kitchen I saw, and the smells were deliciously homelike. I looked at the army cookbook. "What do *you* want with that?" laughed a WAAC K. P. "In private life we all use your recipes." . . . Let me assure you the WAACs are troopers. Hair must be cut short enough to clear uniform collars. Most WAACs wash their own khaki-colored undies, stockings, etc. . . . Captain Hannah Ashby, schoolteacher by profession and one of the first WAAC officers, is proud of her command. They're all in the army, heart and soul.

HERE'S another ghost story. . . . Scene is the Capulin Ranch near San Antonio, owned by Colonel Lee Rice. Features of this haunt are a gold watch, a set of human bones, and a cloudy shape said to appear only at sundown. Seems a Mexican rancher and wife disappeared mysteriously. Two years later the man's bones were found in a creek, along with his gold watch. No trace of the woman. Now at twilight a cloudy shape is reported to waft out of the ranch house and hover over the creek. Beryl Francis, smart young matron of San Antonio, said she had glimpsed it once at dusk. "Perhaps the ghost comes out looking for the watch to see what time it is," adds Beryl skeptically.

IN Texas homes I picked up interesting ideas on decoration. To break the monotony of large rooms, two-panel or three-panel screens are used, the screens being papered to match the wallpaper. . . . One artistic home had real plant leaves of beautiful shape, dried and pressed, attached to the net window curtains in a lovely scatter pattern. . . . Also learned you can keep grapefruit fresh and juicy by wrapping each fruit in a sheet of glossy paper.

GIRLS, warn your army menfolk in Texas *never* to say San Antone for San Antonio. The abbreviation is unwelcome. . . . Ella Stumpf, ardent Texas history fan, recreates ancient times for me by explaining the *left-hand* spiral staircase in the old San José mission. Staircase was built to give best fighting accommodations for a man with a sword in his right hand. . . . Haymarket Plaza at night, food prepared on charcoal braziers under the glowing sky, while Mexicans play guitar serenades. But the hit of the evening is scored by wiry Ben Foster, district attorney for western Texas—Waco to El Paso. Ben does a Mexican dance with wonderful contortions.

TEXAS LIVER LOAF provides a tasty and unusual meal in these meat-rationed times. . . . To 1 pound ground beef liver add 2 tablespoons fresh bread crumbs, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 heaping teaspoon allspice, ½ cup chopped pecans or piñon nuts, salt, pepper, and 1 egg. Mix well. Form into loaf. Dot generously with shortening or bacon strips. Pour a little tomato juice in the pan for basting. Bake 40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with navy beans seasoned with browned chopped onion.

JUNGLE OBJECTIVE

Continued from Page 23

It seemed not more than five minutes before the scout reappeared. "I saw tracks in the mud, sir," he reported. "You know—the kind made by those funny shoes they wear. I followed the tracks, and then I came on one of our machine gunners, sir."

"Get to the point!" snapped Major MacDougal. "What happened?"

"The machine gunner's dead, sir," said the scout. "Shot right through the shoulder blades."

"And the other machine gunners?"

"They're nowhere around, sir. I think our whole machine-gun outfit must have been wiped out and all of them dragged away except this one body I saw."

The major's eyes narrowed and his mouth became a thin hard line. He glanced at those of us right around him, and then looked back toward the coconut grove. "Men," he said, without raising his voice and still looking back at the grove, "we're in another trap."

WE were, but at least we knew it—which would help our chances. When it comes to cunning, you simply can't match the Japs unless you get up very early in the morning. There they were, down there in the grove we had bombed and machine-gunned, and yet they hadn't let out a peep. They had let all of us pass right through that grove—except the machine gunners—so that if we were in the rear of the main Nip body that was being pushed north toward the hill by Carlson's Raiders, the Nips in the grove would be in the rear of us.

We fanned out and hit the deck on all four sides of that squarish hilltop, so that we could watch not only the grove but also the edge of the jungle. We were just lying there, waiting for the enemy's first move. I was facing north, looking toward the grove. Bruce was a little ahead of me. He got up and took a look through his glasses. "Boy!" he said. "That grove's lousy with them!"

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"They're down there at the edge, getting ready for a push this way."

I passed the word along. Major MacDougal decided on quick action. From a certain point on the hilltop it was possible to see our destroyer, and the major told some of the boys to rip off their white undershirts and make a signal flag. We had to do this because our walkie-talkie (portable radio) apparatus wasn't working.

The makeshift flag was hoisted and the signaling began. The moment it

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(from a letter by E. F., San Francisco, Calif.)

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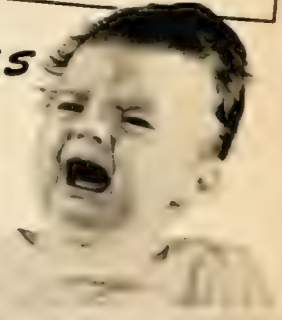

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DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

The greatest single asset of the American fighting man is his sense of humor. Lieutenant James Whitaker, co-pilot on Captain Rickenbacker's South Sea adventure, told an interviewer recently:

"For forty years [Whitaker is forty-one] I'd been reading about those South Sea Island girls. You know—the ones dressed in a kind of hip-high wrap-around and a smile. When we finally made it to Island X (after twenty-one days in a life raft) here the girls were—two hundred of them, dressed in wrap-arounds, just like I'd always pictured. They were even smiling. And all I wanted was water!"

Berlin radio groped toward new artistic heights in reporting recent German retreats to the home audience. Their forces had "detached themselves." And their dead, we assume, have merely retired to permanent positions.

Manpower Chief Paul V. McNutt recently stated that women with small children would be the last to be called upon to work in war industries. The reason: The health and training of the nation's children outweighs all but the final necessities of war. Literally, the welfare of the coming generation is the final treasure we are defending.

We used to think the man in the tiny rubber life raft floating in the immensity of the Pacific was the loneliest man on earth. Yet above his tossing ocean there is a God. Beyond the horizon there is a waiting shore. Adolf Hitler, brooding in his eyrie at Berchtesgaden, is utterly alone.

There can be no apology for war—yet several million boys will emerge from the world's greatest health laboratory with bodies vigorous from regular hours, regular exercise, the finest food. During every day in uniform they will have been under a watchful medical scrutiny. They will have learned discipline, self-reliance, a give-and-take understanding of human nature.

Those surviving millions will be better equipped for life than when they made their "rendezvous with death."

did, rifle fire came up at us not only from the coconut grove but from the tops of trees on all three other sides of us.

The major was signaling for the destroyer to open up on the grove. The signal was understood, and there came a salvo. The salvo, however, was short, and the signal to lengthen the range went up. At the same time the Japs in the grove began to move in our direction. "They're as thick as flies down there," Bruce reported.

The major told us to hold our fire until they got closer. I borrowed Bruce's glasses and took a look for myself. Just as I looked, the destroyer came across with the second salvo. It landed just beyond the edge of the grove, and I saw Jap bodies, some of them in piles, flying into the air. I must say it was a welcome sight if not a pretty one.

I PASSED word back, and the major sent another signal to the destroyer, telling it to keep up the good work. Just then the Japs let go with a mortar somewhere in the jungle to the right of me. They had the range, too. The very first mortar shell landed right where Major MacDougal was signaling. He was killed instantly, and so were two men alongside of him. Captain Cross had some of the flesh on his forearm torn away. The captain ripped one of the undershirts from the signal flag, bound up his arm, and prepared to carry on.

Now, as the saying goes, hell broke loose. We knew that what was coming would make our ambush experience of three days before seem like a dress rehearsal. A couple of mortars that the Japs had secreted down in the grove opened up now, and that one on the right of me—the one that had killed Major MacDougal—was still blasting away. And, as if that wasn't enough, another one in the rear opened up.

No mortar was firing at us from the jungle west of the hill, so we started crawling in that direction. But we had hardly started when a mortar opened up from the west too.

I borrowed Bruce's glasses again, and got to the north edge of the hill to look down toward the grove. The destroyer was still blasting away, hitting Japs every time. It couldn't very well miss, there were so many of them. In the grove alone they must have numbered several thousand. Whenever a shell would land at the foot of the hill up which they were advancing and blow several of them to their dishonorable ancestors, more of the little yellow apes would rush to take their places.

The tops of some of the trees in the jungle around us were either level with or higher than the hilltop. And now, from those trees, snipers began to fire.

I ordered the men in my squad to dig fox holes. We all got busy except Burger. He had spotted a couple of Jap scouts almost at the top of the hill, and he was bellying his way down to pick them off. So far as I could see, the salvos from the destroyer were preventing the Japs from getting far out of the grove.

The destroyer had wirelessed in to Henderson Field, and two of our bombers came over, low. As they dropped their eggs the Japs seemed to fade back among the coconut trees. I had no way of knowing how large a part of the force down in the grove had been killed by the bombs and the salvos from the destroyer. Certainly the toll had been terrific, but it was a cinch that the force was by no means wiped out.

There was practically no activity in the grove that I could see, except that once in a while a yellow face would appear from behind a tree at the very edge. By this time, we on the hill had spread out so widely that no one shell from any of the Jap mortars, which were still going like houses on fire, could get more than two or three of us at a time. Our losses, too, were beginning to be heavy. I had personally counted ten bodies.

THERE wasn't much of a slope to the hilltop from the east, west, or south. It just seemed as if the hill suddenly merged with the jungle on those three sides. If an attack were to come from one of them, we knew it would come without warning. Not only that, but the destroyer wouldn't be able to help us out by blasting Japs on those sides, because they would be so close to us that we ourselves might be on the receiving end of the salvos.

The injury to Captain Cross's arm was frightful, but the captain was ignoring it. As yet, we had hardly fired a shot from up there on the hill. Suddenly the mortars on all four sides of us went silent. It looked like the lull before the storm. The destroyer flashed us a signal that the artillery at Henderson Field was anxious to open up. Carlson's Raiders had walkie-talkied to the Field that their job was done, that they had driven the Japs into a pocket not far south of where we were.

It was imperative, the destroyer said by its flashes, that we get off that hilltop fast and make a break for the Higgins boats that were still where we had left them. If we didn't, the Japs would have us shut in.

"Well, boys," said Captain Scott,

"we might as well face it. We've got to make a run for it back to that grove. You'll find a Jap behind every tree. Good luck to you all!"

Charlie Bruce—the fellow from West Virginia with the girl named Mary—came over and shook my hand and said, "So long, corporal. Nice to have known you." He reached into his pocket and brought out Mary's picture. "I guess she and I will never get to be married now," he said.

"Come on, Charlie," I said. "That's no way to talk."

"I'm just facing the facts—that's all," he said. "But I don't mind going. I only hope Mary won't take it too tough."

Burger, the amateur poet, had a different attitude. "I figure," he said, "that if I get through this I'll have enough material to write poetry the rest of my life."

He turned to young Holder.

"Moe," he asked, "how do you feel about your chances of getting through?"

Holder actually laughed. "The way I have it figured is this, Burg," he answered. "If my college education is permanently interfered with down there in that grove, there'll be at least ten Japanese who will never go to college, either."

I asked McGuire if he was ready to make a run for it. "Hell," said McGuire, "I'm ready for anything, corporal, if we can get some chow afterward."

Captain Scott signaled to the destroyer that we were about to leave the hill, so that it could open up on the hill within a specified time and thus block the Japs to the south in their attempt to get out of the pocket.

Just then a mortar to the south opened up and a shell landed pretty close to where I was. I was knocked flat, and I felt a cold sensation, then a hot one, in my back. I didn't realize it at the time, but my back was peppered by shell fragments.

I HEARD a cry near me. It was Charlie Bruce. A piece of shell fragment had gone into his stomach. A couple of the boys made a stretcher for him from a poncho and started down the hill with him. He was conscious and doing two things —praying and speaking of Mary.

Just as we were getting ready for the dash down the hill, a horde of Japs appeared from the jungle in the rear of us. Some of the boys tossed some grenades at them. That would hold things for a couple of minutes—but our time on that hill was up. The destroyer fired a three-star cluster over our heads. That was the signal to the artillery at Henderson Field to open up on the hill, and we didn't want to be around when *that* happened.

Something strange came over me. My whole life up to this moment seemed to become a blank. All I was conscious of was marines in front of me and on all sides of me running like hell from death on the hill into death in the grove. I started to run, too.

Just as I reached the bottom of the hill and was about to enter the grove, I was dimly aware of artillery fire landing on the hill up behind me and of the cries of those yellow ———s getting it.

NOW I found myself in the grove, which was dark in comparison to the tropical sunlight outside of it. I didn't see anybody, either a Jap or a marine. Then I stopped short. I was looking down at a pile of Japs who had got it from a salvo. A little beyond, I saw one of our men. He was still conscious. He motioned with a roll of his eyes toward a clump of trees to one side of him. I looked just in time to see a Jap drawing a bead on me. I hit the deck instinctively just as he fired. I fired back, and I got him.

A little ahead of me, I heard a machine gun rattling. Then I heard a couple of our boys screaming that they had got it. I rushed up to where the noise was. Not fifteen feet in front of me were five Japs sitting behind two machine guns. They didn't see me. I hated to give it to them when their backs were turned, even though they were Japs. Then I thought of those bodies of our fellows that had been hacked to pieces by the river. I had just two grenades. This spot called for the use of one of them. I must say my aim was good. That grenade was the end of those five Japs.

Then I heard some sniping above and behind me. I looked up, saw two Nips tied to the same tree. Somehow they missed me. I ducked behind a tree. Those two couldn't duck. In a few seconds I had them both.

In the next couple of minutes I spotted three more snipers and got every one of them. A funny thought crossed my mind. Some of the housewives who had been customers at the chain grocery store where I'd worked before joining up had commented on what a mild-mannered fellow I was. I wondered if they would have said the same thing now, and I took time out from the war to have a laugh.

I was almost through the grove when I ran smack into another Jap machine-gun nest. Once more they had their backs to me. But I heard footsteps behind me. Maybe my

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THAT DELIGHTFUL STORY, The Sun of Joshua, in this issue, marks not only the humor of its author, Lynn Montross, but also his "passion for historical research," to quote him. This snapshot of him (above) may not do him justice, but his Joshua tale of our Revolutionary days is the thing that counts, after all. Besides fictioneering, Lynn has held newspaper and advertising jobs in Chicago and New York. He was in the A. E. F. in France in 1917, and is now writing a long book on warfare from ancient days to the present. His research, he says, shows that sergeants have not varied throughout the ages.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, word comes that Henry T. Gorrell, whose How We Outfoxed Rommel appeared in February 27 Liberty, received the Air Medal in Cairo, Egypt, for "extreme gallantry under fire during the Ninth United States Army Air Force's heavy bombing attack on Navarino Bay, Greece, on October 3, 1942." If you missed that story of his, perhaps you'd like to read it now.

MAXWELL S. STEWART, who has given us How Can We Pay for the War? on page 18, has been editor of the Public Affairs Pamphlets since 1936, and is economist on the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association in New York.

WHILE CARL KIDWELL'S picture was being taken for the heading of Sketched on a Sub Chaser, he was drawing the photographer—returning the compliment, as 'twere—but his subject didn't like the long nose he gave him!

THE EDITORS

number was up. Then there was a terrific explosion right before my eyes. Somebody behind me had wiped out the nest with a grenade.

When I turned around, there were big McGuire and a couple of other guys. McGuire had thrown the grenade. He straightened up, looked at me, and said, "See what I mean, corporal?"

I joined up with the three of them. And none too soon, either. We four were about the last to reach the path through the jungle. Just as we got to the entrance of it, bullets started flying. The two guys with McGuire were killed. He and I went crazy. There were Japs on all sides of us, and we hit the deck and blazed away at every face we saw. Don't ask me why we weren't hit—but we weren't. McGuire had a grenade left, and he let it go at a cluster of five Japs. Then we ducked into the path and ran like hell.

When we saw daylight and the beach we figured our troubles were over. But there were Jap snipers in the trees facing the beach, and they were letting our fellows have it as they made for the Higgins boats. The destroyer couldn't do anything about that for fear of hitting us.

WHEN we were all out, the destroyer opened up again. We could hear the artillery from Henderson Field blasting hell out of the Japs in the pocket. The whole operation had been a great success, but we had lost 167 marines out of the 300 that had gone to the hill. Poor Bruce got it again while he was being carried to a Higgins boat. A Jap machine gun in a tree got him with its very last burst. Still, he was alive when the boat started back.

The boat McGuire and I were in was just about to make off when the Japs opened up with a mortar. The shell blew us all into the water. We had to swim for another boat.

When we got back to Henderson Field and counted noses, I found that all of my squad had come through except Bruce. He died that night, holding a picture of Mary.

I was sent home to the United States for treatment. On the first leg of the journey, the Japs torpedoed the hospital ship I was on, and I had to swim around in the sea for a couple of hours, almost going under more than once, before we were picked up by a destroyer.

And so I'm here again—home. But only long enough to get patched up. I'm going back. There are still scores to be settled. And anyway, how can I be sure, when I'm here, on the other side of the world, that big McGuire is getting enough to eat?

THE END

PAY-AS-WE-GO IS GOOD SENSE

THE Ruml Plan—to put income-tax payments on a pay-as-we-go basis—being extremely simple, is naturally looked upon with suspicion by our lawmakers and taxgatherers. They feel anything so uncomplicated must have a catch in it somewhere.

Any one who learned simple arithmetic in grammar school can see that the Ruml Plan, or some reasonable facsimile of it, is a sane and fair way of accomplishing a result desired by all.

Each of us owes in taxes any year whatever Congress says we owe. Under the present law, Congress asks for a certain percentage of our 1942 income, paid to the Treasury during 1943. What is proposed by the Ruml Plan is that Congress change its mind and say, instead, it wants a higher percentage of this year's income taken out of our envelopes every payday by the boss.

Inasmuch as we are earning more money this year than last, the tax rates will be higher, and as, under the Ruml Plan, the Treasury gets its share right away, it's hard to see how Uncle Sam can lose.

The advantage to the individual taxpayer is obvious. What he doesn't get he can't spend. When the year is over there is no money owing to the government out of an income already earned and, in most cases, already spent.

Objections to the Ruml Plan seem to revolve around the idea of "forgiving" 1942 taxes, in the fear somebody might get away with something. In the first place, "forgiving 1942 taxes" is an erroneous conception and one from which we should free our minds. Actually, nothing is forgiven. Congress simply changes the basis on which it decides to collect the government's revenues.

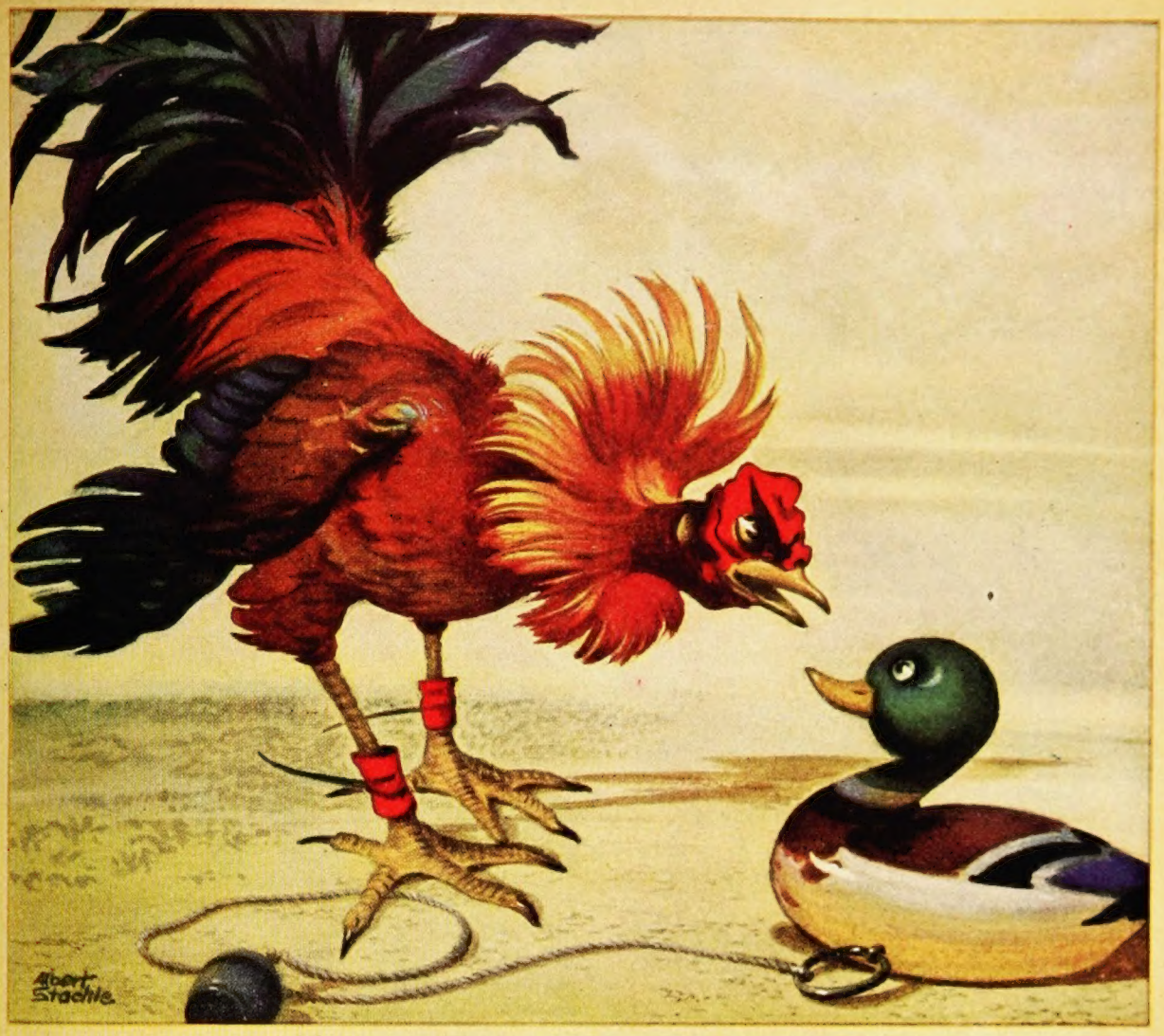
The only loopholes by which somebody might get away with something are two: An individual who earns much less in 1943 than he did in 1942 might pay less tax. And when each of us dies, we will owe the government nothing, whereas under the present law our estates, if any, would still owe income taxes.

These loopholes are easy to plug. Those who earn less this year than last can be called upon to pay whatever differences there may be between the tax actually paid this year and what it would have been under the old system. Inheritance taxes can be rearranged to recapture the taxes on that last year's income before a man dies.

Another advantage of the pay-as-we-go system, and one which we suspect is at the bottom of much of the objection voiced by officialdom, is that we can operate such a system with far fewer employees in the Income Tax Bureau than we have now. Bureaucracy, as we know, always hates to cut down and always finds reasons for not doing so. But to most of the American people this in itself is sufficient reason for giving the most careful consideration to a pay-as-we-go system of income-tax collection.

Liberty ... FOR ALL

Paul Hunter



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